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Curious Kitty

By the Brilliant Satirist Fish

Verses by Carolyn Wells.

2

"This week-end at the Spindrift Club," Miss Arabella said,
"I want to get a browner tan: this is a shade too red."
Three motor cars conveyed them to the gay and festive scene;
At the Club Miss Hite was welcomed like an empress or a queen.

1

Kitty was truly in the Seventh Heaven of delight,
When she became companion to Miss Arabella Hite.
The lady's wealth was fabulous, her prestige was correct,
And the Clubs that she belonged to were exclusive and select.

3

Down to the glistening beach they went,
in scanty garb arrayed;
Miss Hite's belongings carried by two
footmen and a maid.
But curious Kitty strayed away—she
couldn't understand
Why all those gay umbrellas were
planted in the sand!

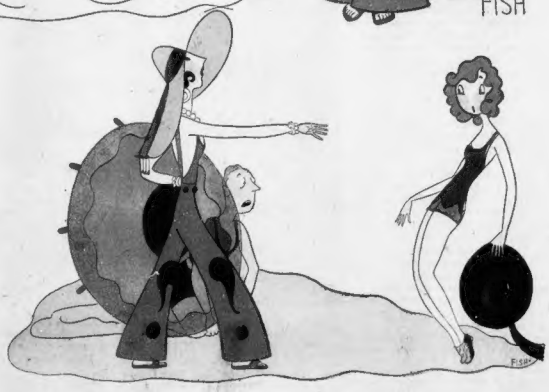
4

One big umbrella caught her eye, a gorgeous black and red;
"I'll peek in that one and find out!" curious Kitty said.
Eagerly she leaned down and tipped it just a *teeny* mite—
And under it a great big man was flirting with Miss Hite!

5

Of course, Miss Hite was
furious. She said, with
icy stare,
"Of a companion's duties
you are strangely un-
aware.
And since your curiosity
you seem to overdo——
A fashionable beach is not
the place for you!"

(Continued Next Sunday)



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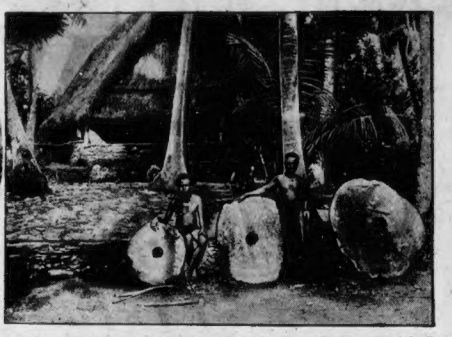
No Depression in the Land of Yap Where "Coins" Are 12 Feet in Diameter

This Peculiarly Fashioned Coin Is Almost as Strange as the Stone Money of the Island of Yap and It Purchases a Wife in the Congo.

In Bulgarian Villages the Lack of Banks Forces People to Keep Their Money on Hand, and This Has Developed the Custom of Using Money for Sartorial Decoration. This Peasant Girl's Face Is Literally Her Fortune.

Photos by U.S. NATIONAL MUSEUM WASHINGTON, D.C.

A Stone Dollar From the Island of Yap, in the Carolines. In That Country It Is Perfectly Safe to Leave the Money Lying Around.



No Fear of Robbery Haunts This Moneyed Family. Five or Six Men and an Ox-Cart Would Be Needed by Burglars and the Money, if Stolen, Could Not Be Concealed. Thus, This Capitalist Just Places His Money Outside His Home So Everyone Will Know He Is Rich. That Has the Effect of Establishing a Wide Credit.

THE dusky natives of Yap, an island of the Caroline group in the South Pacific, demonstrate more interestingly than any other people on earth the true definition of money—that "money is what the other man takes for the things you want."

In Yap a man with a chest of American twenty-dollar gold pieces would be poor, while another man with a half-dozen big stone discs in his front yard would be regarded as a millionaire. This is because chunks of limestone quarried in the Pelew Islands, some 20 miles from Yap, are by ancient custom the medium of exchange among these primitive South Sea Islanders.

Just how stone discs, ranging in size from six inches to 12 feet in diameter, happened to be adopted as the coin of the realm of Yap is something of a mystery. Probably the stone became the measure of value because—like gold or silver, or diamonds among civilized people, it is available but difficult to acquire in large quantities.

The wealthy men of Yap are the only ones who have the power and the means to send other men on the dangerous 400-mile voyage to the Pelew Islands and back for the coveted limestone.

Only the smaller stone coins are exchanged in trade and the big pieces, some of which weigh as much as five tons, are symbols of accumulated wealth. These ponderous objects change hands only in the case of some big deal comparable to the purchase of a seat on the Stock Exchange.

Money, it should be explained, does not mean so much in Yap as it does in America, for life is simple there and a medium of exchange is not especially important where men pay no rent, wear little clothing and pick up their meals where they find them, by fishing, hunting and a little gardening. Much of the trading among the natives is done by the ancient method of barter in which no medium of exchange is necessary. Depression is unknown among the Yaps.

The negroes of the African Congo use big crosses of copper for money. In certain sections of Morocco big bars of rock salt serve as money and change is made by breaking bits off the long, white "dollars," but nowhere else in the world can money approaching Yap currency in size and weight be found.

Mixed Bathing in Sunshine

SUN BATHING has become so popular in Germany that Luna Park, the largest amusement resort in the vicinity of Berlin, recently opened a spacious "bathing pool" where men, women and children can bask in the health-giving rays of the sun for a small admission fee.

The establishment is open from early in the morning until late afternoon. And it is open every day whether the sun shines or not. On cloudy and rainy days a canvas roof is stretched over the pavilion and the place is flooded with ultra-violet rays from a battery of sun lamps.

The Germans take their sun baths seriously but not prudishly. Men, women and children lie in the sunlight together, unhampered by so much as a loin cloth. Bathing in the nude, however, is confined to certain restricted areas not as public as Luna Park. The average American would, however, be surprised to see how little clothing is worn by the patrons of the newly-opened public solarium which has become about the most popular attraction of the celebrated German playground.

Sun bathing has taken a stronger hold in Germany than in any other country in the world, although the benefits of ultra-violet rays on health are appreciated all over the civilized world. Thousands of people in Germany get their daily quota of sunshine, natural or artificial, just as thousands of Americans and Englishment go in for their daily round of golf, weather permitting.

The attendants at the new sun pool are skilled operators of artificial sunlight apparatus and try to see to it that none of their patrons suffer from sunburn. They circulate among the deck chairs on which the bathers lie and warn careless or reckless absorbers of the powerful rays to take their ultra-violet vibrations in moderation.

When a patron does get too long and too strong a dose of sunshine the attendants at the pool apply a special oil to take out the painful sting and to keep the skin from blistering and peeling.

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

Berlin's Luna Park Has Just Opened a New "Bathing Pool." Patrons Are Told by Signs That Mixed Bathing Is Allowed, but There Is No Water in the Pool. It is a Sun-Bath Establishment Where Anyone May Go for a Small Fee and Lie Around All Day in the Warming Rays. If the Day Is Cloudy, a Canvas Roof Is Spread and the Attendants Supply Artificial Sunlight Lamps.

Why Monday Is "Blue"

FOR want of a better name, psychologists and physicians have labeled the rather depressed and grouchy disposition of the average American at the beginning of the week, the "Monday blues."

Various explanations have been given to account for this interesting national disease, if it can be called that. Some students of the behavior of human beings have ventured the guess that the average person likes loafing much better than work and that the day of rest so accentuates the desire for leisure that the aversion to activity expresses itself in touchiness and, in many cases, downright ill-temper.

Other experts at the difficult science of analysing the vagaries of the human mind believe that the business and professional man, the clerk and the stenographer unconsciously spend the one day away from gainful occupation picking to pieces his, or her, particular role in the economic scheme. More often than not the individual finds the role far from satisfactory and goes back to his desk, his counter or his bench feeling a vague spirit of rebellion.

Dr. Gladys G. Ide, Philadelphia psychologist, recently suggested another reason for the "Monday blues." She thinks that the trouble can be traced to what most people regard as the most enjoyable phase of the week-end freedom from labor—the great American Sunday dinner.

"We loaf around all day," says Dr. Ide, "and sit down to a bigger meal than we've eaten at any other time during the week. There's no need to hurry, and the menu is abundant and appetizing. We linger long at the family board and get up filled with much more food than we need or can comfortably digest. More often than not the unusual intake of nourishment makes us feel more like taking a nap than exercising and we just sit or lie around, trusting Mother Nature to take care of the bulk of edibles inside us. More often than not the repast is composed of foods which cause indigestion when eaten together. Then, too, our daily routine is upset on Sunday, and we are all creatures of habit. Is it any wonder that so many of us are victims of the 'Monday blues?'"

Male Actors of Japan Rapidly Losing Their Ancient Monopoly of Women's Roles

FOR centuries the most popular "leading ladies" of the Japanese stage have been men and, until recently, none of the theatre-goers of the Island Empire objected to this time-honored theatrical custom. But Japan has reached what many of its older and tradition-bound citizens scoffingly call its "jess age" and the young bloods of the country, having succumbed to the Occidental charms of Hollywood's cinema queens, are demanding that the respected female impersonators of the Nipponese stage stick to masculine roles, or quit the honorable ranks of the Thespians.

This almost blasphemous demand has caused considerable furore among the players of the Japanese theatre and among a large element of the population which deplores the rapid westernization of the country and the scrapping, one after another, of ancient customs. But the youth of Japan usually gets its way in such matters and it is likely that the time is not far distant when the leading ladies of the stage will all be members of the sex indicated by their lines and costumes.

The character of the drama itself also seems marked for radical changes, for the Japanese theatre has, for generations, presented few plays that have not been "Kabuki"—historical dramas preserving the traditions and the customs of the old feudal days. The young Japanese prefers a modern American movie, or a snappy revue, to these stiff and unchanging depictions of life in what seems to them the "dear, dead days," and they seldom attend such performances by choice.

From the days when "Kabuki" were first performed, the female roles always have been taken by men. The playing of these roles became family affairs, that is, the profession of female impersonator was passed on as a legacy from father to son and the males of a few families devoted their lives to learning and playing a numerous repertory of roles which have changed little in their interpretation in the last five centuries.

Perhaps the most celebrated player of "Kabuki" roles now alive is Utayemon Nakamura. He is more than 70 years old and can no longer play the parts of young women. He does, however, appear as an old woman, and is held in the greatest esteem by a veritable army of admirers who have followed his dramatic career for more than half a century.

Utayemon Nakamura has a son, Fukusuke, who learned his art at the hands of the old man. Sometimes father and son appear in the same production and share the applause of the audience. The son is still young enough to play leading lady roles and has a son of his own whom he is training to carry on the name of Nakamura on the Japanese stage. He admits, however, that the present agitation against female impersonators may deprive the lad of the honor of enacting the feminine roles in which he is being coached.

Next to the older Nakamura and his son, the Japanese regard Kikugoro as the formost masculine "actress" on the Japanese stage. Kikugoro is unique in his profession because he can play masculine roles as well as feminine roles. One day he may take the part of a stern and formidable warrior of the feudal days and the next day he may don the elaborately embroidered kimono of a geisha girl and delight his audience with his graceful dancing.

Kikugoro is not particularly worried about the prospect of losing his place on the stage because he believes that the "Kabuki" will have a place in Japan for many years to come. If the day comes when women replace men in the leading roles he will confine himself to the playing of masculine parts.

Strangely enough the objection to the masculine "leading ladies" of the Japanese stage is not based entirely on the manner in which these actors play their parts. It is the idea of impersonation against which the youth of the country complains. Some of the "Kabuki" players do not look feminine or conduct themselves with womanly grace on the stage, but most of them are skilled in their roles and can, with the aid of make-up and costumes, put on as good a show as a woman could in the part.

One Look at Kikugoro, One of the Foremost of the Old School of Japanese Actors, and Then Comparison With an American Movie Heroine, Will Tell the Story of Why Men No Longer Exclude Native Women from the Stage. Kikugoro's Legs Are Not Exactly Alluringly Feminine in Molding.

Fukusuke Nakamura, Another Famous Young Female Impersonator, Who Is Rapidly Losing Prestige. Japan Is Picking Real Feminine Beauty Under the Influence of American Screen Plays. Male "Emoters" No Longer Have Much Box Office Value.

Some Years Ago This Version of a Beautiful Woman, Impersonated by Utayemon Nakamura, One of the Foremost of Japan's Thespians, Was Irresistible to the Public. But Now the Ornate Dress, the Slanting Eyes and the Weighty Headgear Have Given Place to Modern Sport Costumes and Shapely and Athletic Young Japanese Women.

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Rich Mr. Manville's Latest Matrimonial Misadventure

Disinherited for Marrying Wife No. 1, a "Follies" Girl; Wife No. 2, a Sensible Stenographer, Had Him Put Back in His Father's Will for $25,000,000—But He Returns to the "Follies" for Wife No. 3, Despite His First Sad Experience, and the Curtain Is Rung Down on Their Honeymoon After a Brief 28 Days' Run

Mr. Thomas Franklyn Manville, Jr., the Asbestos Heir, With His Wife Busy.

Miss Cynthia Cambridge, Formerly of the "Follies," Whom Mr. Manville Considered Marrying Before Marrying the Stenographer—And if He Had He Would Probably Still Be Disinherited.

The Second Mrs. Manville, the Sensible Stenographer Whom Mr. Manville Married and So Surprised His Father by His Good Sense That He Revoked His Disinheritance and Left Him Between $15,000,000 and $25,000,000 as a Reward.

The Third Mrs. Manville, Before Marriage
Miss Avonne Taylor.

The First Mrs. Manville, Miss Florence Huber of the "Follies," Because of Whom the Asbestos Heir Was Disinherited.

"WHY don't you awsk for the chemist's clark?"

Mr. Thomas Franklyn Manville, Jr., knew perfectly well that, in ordinary English, this meant that he should ask for the drug clerk. Instead of doing so, the heir to the asbestos millions threw down the telephone, snatched his hat and ran out of his hundred dollars-a-day apartment in the Hotel Pierre, New York, leaving his bride, who was Avonne Taylor, of the "Follies," after only twenty-eight days of married life. At least, that is what he is reported as having given as one of the reasons for ringing down his honeymoon curtain on its brief run.

But why should such a trivial matter as this have disrupted a romance that cost Mr. Manville a quarter of a million dollars to begin?

The first guess was that he had never really and truly and deeply loved his Avonne. But there is impressive evidence to the contrary. He loved her so madly that he not only wanted to marry her but settled a quarter million $250,600, and then some, to say nothing of a $20,000 bracelet and a few other trinkets. Such behavior in these hard times when even millionaires have to economize looks like rather ardent affection.

Then all the more, with that unusually pleasant start calculated to make a bride agreeable, what could have happened to sour all the honey on that honeymoon in four short weeks so sadly that the asbestos heir was willing to write off a loss of $250,000 and then some to say nothing of the possibilities of alimony just to be in the same unattached condition he had been twenty-eight days before?

Mr. Manville, as he hurried over to see his lawyer, looked puzzled and worried, as well he might, for this is his third and worst matrimonial failure. If he doesn't have better luck soon he may lose confidence in marriage and give the whole idea up. For some reason, three brides have unaccountably looked better before than after taking.

"I can't stand her broad A's, her ritzy manner and general high-hat attitude," he was reported as explaining. "She calls an elevator a 'lift,' a drug store an 'apothecary' or a 'chemist's,' and she refuses to eat a beefsteak unless it is called 'filet mignon'."

The deserted Mrs. Manville, with nothing between her and selling apples except that mere quarter million dollars, put her finger on the weak spot in the bridegroom's explanation. She said:

"If he does not like the way I talk why didn't he find it out before he married me? It seems a poor time to make the discovery now."

It is, indeed, a poor time, but, as marriages go, it is quite the usual time. Mr. Manville, having been married only three times so far, may not yet have learned that there seems to be a sort of natural law governing matrimonial mannerisms. What may seem original and just too cute for words before marriage often quickly turns into an infuriating bad habit shortly after the ceremony. For instance, "baby talk" in addressing each other seems cute to probably 99 out of every 100 lovers, but after marriage it is equally probably a pain in the neck to the same proportion of husbands. Why this is so nobody knows. Matrimony is not an exact science.

While a girl is a man's beloved fiancee it may seem cute when she does not know what a "soda jerker" is and calls him "a chemist's clark," and if the third Mrs. Manville really did this, it may have been one of the things that pleased Mr. Manville so much that he made that down payment on matrimony of $250,000. But when, as his own little wife, she frequently said the same thing, it might very well have gotten on his nerves, but many would hold that was not his wife's fault.

And as for the "high-hat" business, he surely had warning enough on that, too, and undoubtedly thought he loved it. Like everyone else who knew the former Miss Avonne Taylor, he had heard that she had been admired by the Prince of Wales. His Royal Highness has admired many fair ones, but the third Mrs. Manville is said to be the only one who ever snubbed that gallant young man, and just how and why the alleged snubbing was done has never been made clear. However, anyone would realize that a girl who could even be said to have done such a thing must know something about "high-hatting."

Mr. Manville was also quoted as complaining that Mrs. Manville "high-hatted" his 28-room house near New Rochelle, N. Y., and called it "second-hand. But Mrs. Manville No. 3 hints that there is more to it than Mr. Manville has said and, of course, she is probably right.

Both have been married twice before, but matrimony is a game in which practice does not seem to make perfect. To use a golfing expression, Mr. Manville's game suffers from bad coaching. He started off at the age of 17 with what was perhaps not such a bad idea, if he had only been allowed to stick to it. At that time he married a "Follies" girl, Miss Florence E. Huber, right out of the front row of that institution, after only two days' acquaintance and without asking consent of his father, the asbestos "King."

To make sure there would be no annulment on account of his tender years, Tommy, Jr., married his bride in two States and threatened to repeat the ceremony in all the others if necessary. He mentioned this fact in the telegram to his parents notifying them that he was ready for their congratulations. The reply was to bring the bride at once. The summons was obeyed, the tall and beautiful bride was inspected and rejected, and right there apparently the great mistake was made.

Mr. and Mrs. Manville rejected their son's first selection because she was a show girl and therefore presumably not quite the type to grace properly the mansion of the heir to the asbestos millions. Now, if Florence had only hurled the broad "A" at them, "high-hatted" and ritzed them with talk about clarks and apothecaries, all might have been well, and Tommy, Jr., perhaps, have been allowed to follow his original idea.

It was not such a bad idea. Somebody had to marry these stage beauties, and their natural mates, the only ones who have the money to upkeep them and the leisure to wait on and watch them, are the sons of the very rich. A poor man can't afford such a luxury and a hard-working rich man hasn't the time for them. Had Mr. Manville given the boy his blessing and a quarter million or so to spend on her each year, Tommy might have been happy with that very first wife—at least for a while.

Instead he cut off the boy's allowance, disinherited him, but gave him a job in the factory nailing up boxes at just $15 a week, which was the union scale in those days, but not much of a Saturday evening offering for a "Follies" girl who lives on a different scale. Still the pair managed to stick together at least three times as long as the same husband and his present "Follies" beauty, in spite of the fact that the third Mrs. Manville, 32 years old, was $250,000 ahead of the game, and instead of trying to pay the rent out of $15 a week, was living in a $100 a day apartment, "with hot and cold running servants."

When the break up of this first marriage finally came, the father-in-law offered the bride $50,000 cash for a divorce from his son, but young Mrs. Manville thought it worth twice that amount and they did not do business. For ten years the pair remained married but separated, and then the wife notified the old gentleman that she was ready to accept his offer.

"Too late!" said Manville, senior, and when he refused to give even $10,000 for his son's freedom his daughter-in-law swept out of his presence vowing that she would never release him. A few months later she changed her mind. Someone informed her that the asbestos magnate did not want his son divorced for fear he would "make a fool of himself with some other girl." Just for that Florence divorced him for nothing.

Mr. Manville felt that way because he had heard his son, though unable to marry any of them, had been running around with theatrical women as much as he could afford. And now, sure enough, he celebrated his freedom by becoming engaged to Cynthia Cambridge, also of the "Follies."

"Out of the frying pan into the fire" remarked his father but the engagement finally died, apparently from starvation. In 1925, after three years freedom, Tommy, Jr., fooled everyone by marrying Miss Lois Arlene McCoin, a demure, serious, sensible, businesslike young stenographer who had come to New York from Idaho. This had no more than happened when the founder of the asbestos fortune was stricken with his last illness. As always when a very rich person is dying, relatives, from far and near assembled, including the disinherited, wayward son. The dying millionaire, hearing that Tommy had married again expressed a gloomy desire to see what he had picked this time, and so the second wife was brought into the death-chamber.

The dying man studied her face with only a little powder and no rouge, examined her well-groomed but capable-looking hands and asked her many questions. Then he sent for the scapegrace and demanded:

"Why in thunder did you marry a girl like that?"

"Because," answered his son, justly indignant, "you always wanted to me to marry a sensible one. Now that I have done it, don't you like it?"

"I like it so well that just for her I am putting you back into the will. Maybe she'll make a man of you."

Lawyers were summoned and, because of the impression sensible Lois made on the dying magnate, Tommy received between fifteen and twenty-five millions. After that favor, Mr. Manville really ought to have lived happily ever after with his second wife. He felt the obligation, tried hard and managed to last five years, but apparently the show-girl habit had become second nature with him. Lois was sensible and sweet and had every virtue, but all these years of specializing on the theatrical type could not be thrown off. He discovered that love, like most everything else, is largely habit.

After five years' effort he gave up and was divorced again. If Mr. Manville was a confirmed show-girl fancier, the logical thing to do was to marry for his third wife a show girl. So Mr. Manville did that logical thing and went wrong worse than ever. It is hard to be logical in love.

The trouble this time may have lain in the fact that sensible, clear-headed Lois, though she had lost her husband's love because he still yearned for the other type, had not failed in those five years to make a deep impression on Mr. Manville, making him see show girls at least somewhat through her eyes, though, as usual, love was blind until after the ceremony.

Miss Taylor would probably have done splendidly for the first wife and equally well for the second, except that she might not have had the power to change the Manville will. But coming as she did, after the coaching of the practical Lois, she found the matrimonial stage set all wrong for her.

Mr. Manville is said to have run out on his third bride twice before or their honeymoon, only to come back and apologize. The third time they both consulted lawyers but there may still be a third reconciliation. In that case the bride may have to face more than relearning a few words such as elevator, druggist and steak; she will have to undo and obliterate the five-year impression of the wife just before her. Nobody knows how long that might take. It might be better not to bother, and call it off.

With $250,000 for only four weeks' wedded life, her marriage can hardly be called a financial failure, and as for Mr. Manville, well, there are some people who just don't seem able to learn by experience.

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Added 40 Years to the Age of His Face in 40 Minutes

1—Roscoe Ates, Clean Shaven, Ready to Have the Black Base of Make-up Put on His Face. Later This Black Is to Emphasize the Wrinkles.

2—The Actor's Face Partly Smeared With the Black Paint.

3—The Next Step Is the Application of a Coat of White Talcum. This Gives a Texture Effect to the Skin.

4—A Soft-Bristled Brush Is Now Used to Remove Surplus Talcum and the Skin Is Left a Dull Gray.

5—Next Comes a Coating of Flesh-Colored Grease Paint. Mr. Ates Wrinkles His Face While the Coating Is Being Patted On.

ONE morning, during the "shooting" of an historical movie on a Hollywood lot, Roscoe Ates, actor, 35, dark-haired, clear-eyed, smooth-skinned, walked into the cluttered sanctum of Ern Westmore, master of make-up. Mr. Ates looked as he does in the oval above. Forty minutes later the door opened and out he walked, a bent old man, white-haired, bespectacled and furrowed by time. He had aged 40 years in as many minutes.

Here's how Mr. Westmore beat Father Time at his own game: First he smeared Ates' face with a special black paint. When this was dry he dusted it over with a thick layer of talcum powder, and brushed away the surplus powder with a soft-bristled brush.

The make-up man told the actor to twist his face to form wrinkles in his forehead, around his eyes, in his cheeks and around his mouth. While the actor was wrinkling his face, the make-up man put on a thick coating of regulation flesh-colored grease paint over the wrinkled areas. When he relaxed his features the deep gray color of the black-and-talcum base showed through the flesh-colored paint. There were the lines of age, touched up with paint, fixed on the face of a young man.

Next came the make-up of the actor's dark hair. This was made white with "hair paint," which washes out easily. Then the mustache was affixed with spirit gum, a few hairs at a time.

A pair of "prop" spectacles completed the amazingly clever job of artificial ageing, which added to Mr. Ates fame as an actor and won Mr. Westmore a silver cup for advancing the art of make-up.

6—A Brushful of Liquid Dark Make-up Now Emphasizes the Lines of the Subject's Face. The Make-up Expert Follows Them Carefully.

7—The Hair Is Now to Be Treated. A Special White Hair Paint Is Applied and Then a Mustache Is Glued On, Tuft by Tuft.

8—And Now Look at This Man and the Face in Picture No. 1 and See What Has Happened. Roscoe Ates Is Now the Kindly Old Printer—a Character That Brought Him Wide Applause.

Dorothy Macey, Who Was Too Old-Fashioned for Her Husband and Who Remained a Bride Only Ten Days.

End of a 10-Day Marriage

WHEN Dorothy Roth, pretty, 18 years old and a resident of Wichita, Kansas, said "yes" to Thomas Macey's proposal of marriage, she determined to make a happy success of an arrangement that, in this country, so frequently ends on the rocks of divorce. She always would be affectionate, loyal, modest and hard-working. She never would endanger her domestic happiness by "going modern" along the well-known drinking-smoking-and-flirting route.

Ten days after the man she adored led her to the altar her hopes for marital success by this seemingly sensible code of behavior went violently glimmering. Much as she dreaded airing her troubles in court, she told a judge all about it and he gave her a divorce and her maiden name back. The legal grounds for the divorce were extreme cruelty and gross neglect, but the real reason, according to the ex-wife, was her good, old-fashioned attitude toward marriage.

"I was too old-fashioned for Tom," said Dorothy. "He got angry with me because I wasn't a good enough sport to smoke and drink with his friends. His anger so overcame him that he took a razor blade and slashed my trousseau to bits. Almost everything I had to wear was cut into ribbons, even my wedding slippers. The next time I refused to drink with him he started on me—nothing serious, but I was pretty badly cut on the hands. He slapped me and knocked me down. I just couldn't stand it any longer."

The tragic story of Dorothy Roth's 10-day marriage was published in newspapers all over the country and she began to receive as much mail as a movie star. Some of the letters were from people who commended her for her old-fashioned ideas about marriage. And more than a few of them were from men who had been looking for just such a girl for years. One applicant mentioned the fact that he would inherit a fortune of half a million dollars.

"I may marry again," said the pretty ex-wife, "but not until I find the right man. I didn't answer any of the letters and, believe me, I'm going to be old-fashioned enough to think a long time before I take a second plunge."

Curious Woodcarvings by Savages in Harvard Museum

THE average person never links the fair name of art with the savage tribes of Africa, but a traveling exhibit of remarkable carved figures picked up in the jungles of the Dark Continent and now going about this country, is revealing the interesting fact that black tribesmen who never have been exposed to "Western influence" are able and imaginative sculptors.

Photographs of some of these examples of woodcarving are shown at the bottom of the page. The pictures were made while the exhibit was being shown in the museum at Harvard University.

One of the figures is more than a recognizable representation of a giraffe; it's almost a caricature, with the familiar spots of the long-necked creature cleverly burned in its wooden body. Another of the carvings is an exceptionally well done figurine of a monkey, with its thin tail curled in just the proper way. No one who ever had seen a picture of a giraffe or a monkey could doubt what the primitive artists were depicting with their crude carving tools.

More interesting than these more or less literal representations of animals are the symbolical figures which scientists, browsing about in the African wilds, brought back with them as tangible proof of the existence of art in a quarter of the world supposedly devoid of such marks of civilization as culture and esthetics.

One of these figures shows two serpents curving gracefully upward toward a pair of speckled birds. It is supposed that the snakes are engaged in charming the birds, and that the group stands for something in the lore of the tribe, although the meaning of the carving is not known. Another of the curious works of art might well be used as the model for a bird bath in the modernistic manner.

The most elaborate sculpture in the entire exhibit is a black figure, which appears to be half man and half rabbit. The carving on this figure is amazingly well done, but the significance of the hybrid is a mystery known only to the citizens of the jungle community in which it was found.

The Savage Artist's Conception of a Monkey.

Symbolical, Perhaps, Is This Weird Woodcarving of Two Serpents Charming Speckled Birds.

Even Scientists Are Puzzled by This Figure.

A Bird Fountain, Which Has Distinctive Modern Lines.

Crude Representation of a Giraffe.

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New Interpretations of the Bible

More Than 5,000 Changes and Revisions by a Learned Student of the Scriptures Which Make Clear Many Things Which Were Difficult to Understand, and Some Which Completely Alter the Meaning of Long Cherished Texts

Rev. Dr. Kaye Asserts That the Words in the Lord's Prayer, "Deliver us from evil," Should Be Changed to Read, "Deliver us from the evil one." In Those Days People Believed in a Personal Devil and the Old Picture Bible Showed Satan Busy With His Wickedness.

WE are taught the Lord's Prayer in early childhood, when we do not understand the meaning of the words very well, and we repeat it mechanically for the rest of our lives. And thus the true significance of the words, "Lead us not into temptation," seldom becomes apparent.

Of course, it ought not to be necessary to appeal to the Heavenly Father and beg Him not to lead us into temptation. The thought that God would deliberately lead anyone into temptation is inconsistent with the whole conception of a Divine Father. And yet there it is in the Lord's Prayer; and countless millions have thoughtlessly repeated those words, as if the Saviour, in formulating that petition, found it necessary to caution mankind to ask the Almighty not to lead the children of man into traps.

But the Rev. Dr. James R. Kaye, a distinguished Bible student, has gone back over the original authorities of the Scriptures and has pointed out that these words are a misleading and not correct translation. His study of original manuscripts leads him to translate those words "help us to keep from temptation." This, Rev. Dr. Kaye points out, is a much more reasonable thing to pray for.

Almost Meaningless Words of St. Paul, "Evil communications corrupt good manners." Are Changed in the Revised Version to a More Comprehensible, "Evil companionships corrupt good morals."

Dr. Kaye, who is now in retirement at Oak Park, Ill., has spent a lifetime studying various translations of the Bible line for line and even word by word. Familiar with Greek, Hebrew and Latin, and after extensive travels in Bible lands, Dr. Kaye has now produced a revised version which contains 5,566 corrections of the old familiar King James version.

In the Lord's Prayer Dr. Kaye finds another error. Where it says "but deliver us from evil" he would change the words to "but deliver us from the evil one"—that is to say, deliver us from Satan. The early Christians believed in the personal activities of the devil. However, the old form of the Lord's Prayer has sunk so deeply into the consciousness of the English-speaking world that it is difficult to make any change in it. But since the original words read "the evil one," therefore that is the way the prayer ought to be printed, he asserts, with an explanation by modern clergymen that the old idea was that there was a personal devil, Satan.

Changes in Sense Due To Changed Meanings of Words.

The concluding words of the Lord's Prayer are given by St. Matthew in chapter 6, verse 13, as "For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen," according to the King James version, although these words are not included by Catholics in the Lord's Prayer. A great many persons have derived comfort from repeating these sententious words. But Dr. Kaye's revised edition of the Bible declares they should be omitted. He finds satisfactory evidence that these words were not in the original text of the Bible.

An examination of the prayer will show any reasonable person that these words of glorification are not at all essential to the morality and significance of the prayer. A self-respecting modern king would derive no satisfaction from having humble subjects continually testify to his power and glory, and certainly the Heavenly Father would hardly derive pleasure or welcome such testimony of His greatness, as was popular in the primitive days of the old Egyptian kings and savage potentates.

The meaning of many English words has greatly, or even entirely, changed since the translation of the King James version. This is true of the word "prevent," which is used many times in the Bible. In the time of King James this word meant "to precede," or "go before." In the Psalms we find the phrase "in the morning shall my prayer prevent thee." This is now changed to "in the morning shall my prayer come before thee."

St. Paul, in his statement to the Thessalonians, says: "We . . . shall not prevent them which are asleep." This should be: "We . . . shall not precede them"—that is to say, we shall not precede those who have already passed away.

There are many evidences that the translators of the King James version were imperfectly acquainted with the Greek language, in which most of the New Testament was written. The old version attributes to St. Paul the peculiar statement: "For our conversation is in Heaven." Many simple-minded persons have been puzzled about this and have naturally thought it meant there would be a great deal of conversation in Heaven. The original Greek word, translated as conversation, is "politeuma," meaning "citizenship," and the passage is now made to read: "For our citizenship is in Heaven."

The words of St. Paul, "Evil communications corrupt good manners," are constantly quoted and are familiar to everybody, although many persons if questioned would have difficulty in explaining exactly what they meant. They acquire more sense and significance when correctly translated:

"Evil companionships corrupt good morals."

A very much quoted passage in the Gospel of St. John, referring to the Saviour, says: "He came unto his own and his own received him not." This is changed to: "He came unto his own world, but those who were his own people did not receive him."

In his labors Dr. Kaye has made an extensive use of the modern revisions made by the English and American Episcopal Churches, but he has modified them in the light of his own studies. He was a pastor for many years and has written forty books on the Bible, history and philosophy. He is the author of "Through the Bible in Four Years," a work which helped thousands of Bible students to a rapid knowledge of their subject in this and other countries. He also wrote "The Key to the Treasury" and "The Student's Bible Guide and Helps," an encyclopedic work of 740 pages.

The Rev. Dr. Kaye has made prolonged researches at Jerusalem, Calvary, the Mount of Olives, Bethlehem, Hebron, the Jordan Plain, Samaria, Galilee and other places in the Holy Land. In his researches he located what he asserts to be the site of Calvary and the Saviour's Tomb, which he says was not in Jerusalem, but in a little garden a stone's throw from Calvary. He has also conducted investigations at sites along the Nile and elsewhere in Egypt, regions where the Israelites grew into racial consciousness.

The learned editor of the new Bible points out that the translators of the old version were much influenced by the fact that they knew Latin better than Greek and were inclined to turn to the oldest Latin text available. The original language of the New Testament was Greek, and therefore he has turned to the Greek texts for the correct interpretation. He gives the old version for the benefit of those who love it, and the corrections are placed in brackets. The new Bible is published by the John A. Dickson Publishing Company, Chicago.

The Book of Genesis, which tells of the creation of the world and of Adam and Eve, is, perhaps, the most familiar book in the Bible, because it is the first. The changes here are numerous. For instance, the old version makes the Lord say to Adam, after he had eaten of the forbidden fruit: "In sorrow shalt thou eat of it (thy bread) all the days of thy life." The new version gives this: "In toil shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life." It meant that man, having left a Paradisaical existence, would in future find it necessary to work for a living.

Job, Sorely Tempted, Is Reported as Saying, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." But Dr. Kaye Finds Reason to Change the Statement To, "I know that my Vindicator liveth."

Early in the Book of Genesis comes the story of how Cain killed his brother Abel out of wicked jealousy, perhaps the most famous of all murders. In the old version, the Bible story reports Cain as saying to the Lord: "My punishment is greater than I can bear." The new version changes this to: "Mine iniquity is greater than can be forgiven." The meaning of this sentence is very different from the old one and much more rational.

Further on in the same chapter of Genesis, Lamech, a near descendant of Cain, and evidently an inheritor of his violent temper, is recorded by the old version as saying: "I have slain a man to my wounding and a young man to my hurt." Many readers have puzzled over the meaning of this particular sentence and have found it practically unintelligible. The new version changes it to: "I have slain a man for wounding me and a young man for bruising me."

One of the problems that have arisen in connection with the Bible relates to the heroic slaying of the giant Goliath by young David. The story, as told in the Book of Samuel, is extremely stirring. It was this achievement which eventually led to David's promotion to be King of Israel. The words of the young Israelite soldier, as he faced the gigantic Philistine, are a model of eloquence and patriotism. The first Book of Samuel gives the words of David to Goliath:

"Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield: but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied.

"This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand; and I will smite thee, and take thine head from thee; and I will give the carcases of the host of the Philistines this day unto the fowls of the air, and to the wild beasts of the earth; that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel.

* * * * * * *

"So David prevailed over the Philistine with a sling and with a stone, and smote the Philistine, and slew him; but there was no sword in the hand of David."

Now it happens that the Bible also tells a different story of the killing of Goliath. While the First Book of Samuel gives the David narrative, yet in the Second Book of Samuel, an obscure Israelite, named Elhanan, is named as the man who slew the famous big Philistine soldier. The 19th verse of chapter 21, of Samuel.II, says:

"And there was again a battle in Gob with the Philistines, where Elhanan the son of Jaare-oregim, a Beth-lehemite, slew (the brother of) Goliath the Gittite, the staff of whose spear was like a weaver's beam."

The worthy Bible scholars who translated the Bible commonly in use were evidently stumped when they came to this paragraph about Elhanan and Goliath. It was clearly the same incident and the same big soldier—and yet in the former narrative David was named as the Israelite who killed Goliath; and now here another man was given the credit. There were the two conflicting statements, and something had to be done about them. So the translators calmly solved the difficulty by assuming that there were two big Goliath boys. David no doubt had killed one and Elhanan had killed off the other. Therefore, to apparently reconcile these contradictory statements, the old translators took the liberty of writing into the Biblical narrative the three words, "the brother of." But there is no warrant for this interpolation. Dr. Kaye, however, is inclined to think the "brother" idea is the best way to get over the difficulty.

The Book of Job is one of the most beautiful and interesting of the Bible. Every day people refer to the almost incredible patience of Job in bearing all the afflictions sent upon him and his piety in refusing to curse the Lord for tormenting him. Nevertheless, there are many sentences in the book which are unintelligible to the average reader.

Perhaps the most famous quotation from Job is: "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Dr. Kaye says the more correct translation is: "I know that my Vindicator liveth." Job is referring to the fact that he will be vindicated by a just judge for every one of the misfortunes he has suffered.

Almost equally well known are the beautiful words of Job in the King James version: "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." This has been referred to for centuries as expressing the most perfect confidence of the religious man in the goodness of his Creator. The new editor would make this read: "Behold, he will slay me, I have no hope." This indicates that Job was in complete despair after all his sufferings and had no expectation that the Lord would help him. Doubtless, many earnest persons will argue in favor of the higher and finer sentiment expressed in the old version.

A curious change is made in Job, chapter 5, verse 24. The old version says: "Thou shalt visit thy habitation and shalt not sin." The latter phrase is changed to: "shalt miss nothing."

The old version makes Job say: "And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." The great change is made in this and it becomes: "And after my skin, even this body is destroyed, then without my flesh, shall I see God." Apparently Job did not expect resurrection in the body but in a spiritual form.

The beautiful Psalms of David, which have given comfort to countless thousands of people, contain many statements that are either mistranslated, or are unintelligible to modern readers. Many people have not stopped to think of the exact meaning. For instance, the Psalmist says: "Let death seize upon them, and let them go down quick into hell." The ordinary American would think this expressed a desire that the Psalmist's enemies should go quickly to hell, but this is not accurate. The new version makes this read: "Let death seize upon them and let them go down alive into Sheol."

In another place in the Psalms, we read: "There shall be an handful of corn in the earth." This appears to foretell a terrible famine. As a matter of fact, the very opposite was meant by the original writer and the passage should read: "There shall be an abundance of corn in the earth."

Many passages in the King James version are very eloquent and have taken their place in the affections of the people, but they are still inaccurate. There is a famous passage in Psalms 121, which says: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help." The new editor says this should read: "Shall I lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence my help cometh?" The change makes very different sense of the passage. It appears to mean that the troubled soul was in doubt whether he would obtain help from the hills, instead of being certain that that was the direction from which it was sure to come.

In the Psalms, chapter 78, verse 41, the old version says: "Yea, they turned back . . . and limited the Holy One of Israel." The writer never meant to say that the rebellious Israelites could limit the power of the Almighty. The latter part of the verse is changed to the more intelligible reading, "Provoked the Holy One of Israel."

One of the many strange passages of the Bible is in I. Kings, chapter 16, verse 34: "In his days did Hiel, the Beth-elite, build Jericho: he laid the foundation thereof in Abiram, his firstborn, and set up the gates thereof in his youngest son Segub."

This has generally been taken to mean that the heathen king actually followed the barbarous practice of putting the foundations of the walls and the gates of the new city in the bodies of his two children. It is known that many ancient races, when founding a city, buried the bodies of young people alive in the foundations. The editor, however, would change the passage to read:

"He laid the foundation thereof with the loss of Abiram, his firstborn, and set up the gates thereof with the loss of his youngest son Segub."

This indicates that the young men were sacrificed in a ceremonial manner and that it is not strictly correct to say that the gates were placed in their bodies.

Few verses have been oftener quoted than Proverbs, chapter 20, verse 1: "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." This is now corrected to: "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is a brawler; and whosoever erreth thereby is not wise."

Another passage in the Proverbs of similar character, says: "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright." The last phrase is made much clearer by changing it to "goeth down smoothly."

The frequent use of the word "Holy Ghost" in the New Testament appears an unsatisfactory rendering of a Greek word for "Spirit."

In St. Matthew, chapter 12, verse 31, the Saviour says in the old version: "The blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men." This is changed to "The blasphemy against the Spirit shall not be forgiven." It is said that the words "unto men" should be omitted.

St. Matthew, referring to the Saviour, writes: "But he turned, and said unto Peter, Get thee behind me, Satan: thou art an offense unto me: for thou savourest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men." Part of this is altered to: "Thou art a stumbling block unto me: for thou mindest not the things that be of God."

The Gospel of St. Matthew, old version, describing the Resurrection, says: "The angel of the Lord descended from Heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it." It is recommended that the words "from the door" be omitted.

The Acts of the Apostles, chapter 9, speaking of St. Paul, says: "And he said, Who art thou, Lord? And the Lord said, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest: it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks." It is recommended that the last sentence be omitted.

The phrase: "for now we see through a glass darkly," I Corinthians, chapter 13, verse 12, is changed to "for now we see in a mirror darkly."

The next verse reads: "And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity." The word "charity" in the new edition becomes "love."

The Revelation of St. John, describing the scarlet woman of Babylon, says: "And I saw the woman drunken with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus: and when I saw her, I wondered with great admiration."

Perhaps only very foolish persons would suppose that the Apostle regarded this monster with admiration in the modern sense, but all difficulty is avoided by changing the word to "wonder."

The story of Samson's exploits and how he was finally decoyed to his ruin and death by the siren Delilah is of never failing interest. No essential change is made in the remarkable facts of this story, but there are some improvements in language. For instance, the old version says:

"And he said unto her, If they bind me fast with new ropes that were never occupied, then shall I be weak and be as another man." The meaning of this is made clearer by changing "with new ropes that never were occupied" into "with new ropes with which no work hath been done."

A very famous passage in II Samuel, chapter 2, verse 23, tells how "Abner with the hinder end of the spear smote him under the fifth rib." This becomes "smote him in the belly."

Most people have pondered over the words of the Psalms, chapter 90, verse 10: "The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow." Investigation has decided that the original text read "by reason of pride" instead of "by reason of strength."

Different Readings of Some Well-Known Proverbs.

Proverbs, chapter 6, verse 11, says: "So shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man." A great improvement in meaning is made by changing this to: "So shall thy poverty come as a robber, and thy want as an armed man."

The old version of Proverbs says: "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly." A striking change converts this to: "A man that maketh friends doeth it to his own destruction."

Every student of the Bible is familiar with the miraculous manner in which Joshua captured the city of Jericho. The Lord ordered Joshua to lead his army around the walls every days for six days, and on the seventh they were to blow with their trumpets, whereupon the walls would fall down. The Book of Joshua states that this happened. No change is made by the latest editor in this remarkable occurrence.

When the same mighty leader, Joshua, was winning his great battle over the Amorites, there was danger that some of the enemy would escape on account of darkness. The Lord then said:

"Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, moon in the valley of Ajalon."

"And the sun stood still, and the moon stayed, until the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies."

This passage is left as it was in the old version.

There will naturally be much interest to know whether the Ten Commandments, as given in the 20th chapter of Exodus, are modified. There is no change in them. Many readers would expect to find some alteration in part of the Third Commandment, which has been much criticised and seems barbarous: "For I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me." But the editor makes no alteration in this passage.

Some people think that a verse in Proverbs, chapter 6, verse 6, sounds unintelligible: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise." But the editor leaves this as it was.

However, in the 12th verse, the phrase "a naughty person" is changed to "a worthless person."

The New Testament in the King James version is shown to contain many passages that misrepresent the most essential principles of the Christian religion. For instance, in St. John, chapter 5, verse 39, we read: "Search the scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life." This passage has puzzled many earnest readers, for it appears to reprove a person for thinking he can find eternal life in the Scriptures. Dr. Kaye shows it should read very differently: "Ye search the Scriptures, because ye think that in them ye have eternal life."

The old version makes St. Paul say to the Athenians on Mars Hill: "I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious." The new version of this is almost the opposite: "In all things I perceive that ye are very religious."

The Bible Gives Two Versions of the Killing of the Giant Goliath. In One Place It Says That David Killed Him, but in Another Place It Is Recorded That Elhanan Slew the Giant.

This Bible contains a clear explanation of the relation of Biblical history to that of the rest of the world at the time of the events it describes. For example, the Bible says nothing about Babylonian history in the time of Abraham, who was born in the Babylonian Empire, and nothing of the Hyksos dynasty in Egypt, which is said to have been in power when Jacob and his people came into that country. The relation of these foreign rulers to the events in the Bible is explained in the proper places.

In the Story of the Creation in Genesis, Adam Is Told, "In sorrow shalt thou eat of it (thy bread) all the days of thy life." But in the New Version This Reads, "In toil shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life."

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THE SMOOTHNESS OF AN EIGHT · THE ECONOMY OF A FOUR

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Charlie Chaplin's Troublesome Legion of Honor Medal

Kissed on Both Cheeks When Given the Historic Order, Then Scolded and Insulted for Taking It, and Now the Thorough Reform or Even Abolishment of the Decoration Is Being Urged in France

LE RETOUR
— Ma vraie place ?... La voilà !... Le rez-de-chaussée ?... Peuh !... C'est bon pour un inconnu ?...
CHARLOT. — Tiens ! Mr Chaplin, vous êtes passé par leur foire à la ferraille ?
LA PROMOTION ROUGE
— On dira ce qu'on voudra, mais, pour moi, ça me paraît louche qu'il n'ait pas la Légion d'honneur comme tout le monde!
(Dessin de Bil.)

The Picturesque Poetess, the Countess de Noailles, Who Was Recently Made a Commander of the Legion and Also Made the Subject of Polite Ridicule by the French Press for Accepting It.

Charlie Chaplin in the Little Derby, Baggy Trousers and Big Shoes That First Won Him Success.

And the Medal and Ribbon of the Legion of Honor Which Mr. Chaplin Received—With Three of the Ill-Natured Cartoons in the Paris Papers Following His Acceptance of the Decoration. The One Showing Mr. Chaplin Standing on the Arch Reads: "My proper place? Here it is! On the ground? Tush! That is good enough for an unknown." The Next Shows Mr. Chaplin in Stage Character, Pointing to His Legion of Honor Rosette, and Saying: "What's this! Mr. Chaplin, have you been to the hardware market?" The Last Shows a Parisian Concierge, Saying: "I think there must be something wrong with the new tenant. He has no Legion of Honor like everybody else."

PARIS, July 10.

THE conferring of the rank of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor upon Charlie Chaplin threatens to put an end to all similar honors by the wiping out of this order, which was founded by Napoleon Bonaparte. And it has been a troublesome decoration, indeed, to the famous comedian.

True comedy should have always in it something of the tragic or the sorrowful, and Mr. Chaplin is famous for situations on the film in which on kissing the hand of the fair lady, or while engaged in some other pleasant occupation, a brick falls on his head or a mule kicks him. This is precisely the situation in which he has found himself in the matter of his induction into the Legion of Honor, and while it is amusing on the films, Mr. Chaplin has found it far from that when it occurs in real life.

The glittering cross and the resplendent ribbon of the Legion of Honor were hung on his breast, and as if to prove that France not only honored and loved him and that there was no fooling about it, M. Philippe Berthelot, Secretary General of the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs, kissed him on both cheeks.

But he had hardly stepped from the Secretary General's office when the French press raised its collective foot and presented him with not one stout kick but several. And he read with astonishment that many members of the order that he had just joined were protesting to the Grand Chancellor of the Legion about it.

"Why should the red ribbon tinged with the blood of heroes be bestowed on a clown?" read the protest of one group.

Mr. Chaplin was actually the victim of circumstances. Far from being in any manner unworthy, he is probably the most worthy to receive the decoration in a long time, but he received it just as France was boiling with indignation for what had gone before and what was expected to come.

It was his misfortune that hardly more than a few hours before he had received the medal, Josephine Baker, the young colored lady, or, as they laughingly call her, "the Vierge Noire," who comes from Harlem, New York, and who dances and delights the French by doing so in not even practically nothing, had announced that M. Berthelot had promised to give her the Legion of Honor. And not long before that, the lady inventor of a French cheese, which has nothing of the perfumes of Araby about it, was proposed for the same decoration. The latter broke no precedent, however, because the distinguished cook, M. Escoffier, had been given the ribbon and medal for his invention of "peach Melba" and similar triumphs of French cuisine.

The net result, however, is that for the third time in history the matter of abolishing the Legion of Honor, or at least its lower ranks, is now being discussed in Paris and will shortly be brought up before the Chamber of Deputies. The second time was when the medal was given to Madame Cecile Sorel, ostensibly for her high qualifications as an actress, but those who had received the decoration for risking their lives in war for France or for achievements more in line with those which Napoleon had in mind when he founded the Order, quite openly charged that there were other less creditable reasons. And the papers printed cartoons much more insulting than those they have just been printing about Mr. Chaplin.

Picking up the well-known French newspaper, "L'Humanite," Mr. Chaplin saw a caricature of himself wearing the Legion of Honor rosette in his buttonhole—the little red rosette taking the place for street wear of the medal—and a caricature of himself pointing a cane at it. Mr. Chaplin in his film character is known as "Charlot" in France. Beneath was the following caption in French:

"Charlot—'What's this! Mr. Chaplin, have you been to the hardware market?'"

A Frenchman had to explain to Mr. Chaplin that "hardware market" meant the same as junk shop. This was bad enough, but when he turned to the "Cine-Journal" (The Journal of the Film) he saw another caricature of himself standing on the Arc de Triomphe, the Legion cross on his chest, and saying in French:

"My proper place? Here it is! On the ground? Tush! That is good enough for an unknown."

When one realizes that the French Unknown Soldier is buried in the ground under the arch, it becomes apparent that the allusion to an "unknown" makes it about as insulting a caption as could have been devised.

On the same page was a sarcastic editorial in which the matter was discussed as if the Legion emblem had been given to "Charlot" and not Mr. Chaplin:

"All the members of the great League of Nations, who have applauded Charlot on the screen, will applaud with joy the action of France in raising him to the rank of Knight of the Legion of Honor,' says one of our colleagues.

"Should we laugh at this, or should we weep? Neither one nor the other. We should simply shrug our shoulders. We should dishonor the Red Ribbon instituted by Napoleon I if we acted otherwise.

"Charlot is a great artist. I do not contest that. But all the same, what has he done for humanity in general, and for France in particular?"

Still another cartoon showed a concierge, that is a caretaker, talking to a friend while the man passed down the stairs behind them. The concierge says: "I think there must be something wrong with the new tenant. He has no Legion of Honor like everybody else."

There is still a great deal of adverse talk because the picturesque poetess, the Countess Anna de Noailles, was given the grand cordon of the Legion of Honor, while it has not yet been given to Madame Curie, who discovered radium and opened a new path in the world of science. The Countess was made a commander of the Legion. In this case, the resentment took the form of polite ridicule and a sarcastic controversy in Paris newspapers and magazines as to the proper way for her to wear her ribbon.

Not long ago, while complimenting some brave sailors who had saved the lives of a boatload of fishermen, an Under-Secretary of State expressed regret that he had only two Legion of Honor decorations to give.

Photo Underwood & Underwood

Miss Josephine Baker, the Dark-Skinned Harlem Dancer, Who Has Become a Parisian Favorite and Whose Recent Announcement That She Is to Receive the Legion of Honor Medal Has Caused Much Indignation in France. She Is Shown Dining With Her Pet Pig.

Mme. Cecile Sorel, the French Actress, the Conferring of the Napoleonic Decoration Upon Whom Threatened to Cause the Abolishment of the Order Several Years Ago.

What distresses so many Frenchmen is that, while there always seems to be a ribbon and cross ready for someone of dubious credit to the nation, the delays for real heroes and heroines are often outrageous.

Mme. Victorine Bessodes, a heroic nun, who devoted fifty years to nursing the fever-stricken in Senegal, did not get her cross till she was 79 years old. But Mme. Jeanne Lanvin, a dressmaker, got hers while she was young and able to show it off.

A midshipman, who died gloriously on the French ironclad Iena in 1897, was named a Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur, as was fitting, but his family had to wait nineteen years for that recognition. Meanwhile, M. Cornuche, the well-known proprietor of gambling casinos, only had to wait a few months, after his friends suggested him, to receive his "cross of the brave."

Mathurin Le Guillour, an officer in the French navy and hero of twenty engagements, saved the cruiser Jeanne d'Arc from explosion. Was he admitted to the Legion? No, his name was merely "proposed." But a certain M. Duval, who watched over the interests of the Paris Omnibus Company at the Hotel de Ville, received a rosette, as did the man who piloted the engine of a train that conducted M. Gaston Doumergue, former President of France, to Cherbourg.

Another who did not have to wait was Dr. Voronoff, who got into the Legion of Heroes in recognition of his famous monkey gland transplantation operation, which has since become discredited. Had the glittering cross been pinned on Georges Carpentier, the prize fighter, some people would not have minded so much, for at least he fought bravely in the ring. But why, they ask, was he ignored in favor of Mr. Jeff Dickson, an American boxing promoter who has become a sort of Parisian Tex Rickard?

Other recipients who have made the French nation groan were Mlle. Carlotta Zambelli, a dancing girl; M. Dranem, a comedian by no means as well-known as Charles Chaplin; Baroncelli and Roudes, two moving picture directors, and M. Georges Marquet, a hotel proprietor at Nice.

But the last straw was when Josephine Baker, colored song and dance artist, announced that the same M. Berthelot had promised her the same honor for introducing the "Charleston" and "black bottom" to Paris. Cartoons have been printed in the Paris papers showing both Miss Baker and Cecile Sorel clothed only in their Legion of Honor cross and ribbon.

The sale of the Legion of Honor crosses to Frenchmen has been exposed over and over in the French press, but from patriotic motives little is printed about reasons for which they are given to many foreigners.

While such bribery does not make the best class of Frenchmen proud, at the same time, he realizes that it is done in the general interest of his country and says little about it. However, La Ligue des Droits de l'Homme (League of the Rights of Man) recently protested so vigorously at the way Legion crosses were passed out to bandits of Morocco, Syria and Annam as a reward for betraying their brothers-in-arms, their race and religion in the interests of French imperialism that it actually did get into the papers.

Though Charlie Chaplin was called a "clown," he is fortunate in that nobody thinks that he either paid cash for his decoration or sold out his country or business organization for the bauble. Why, then, did he get it? He deserved it quite as much and more so than many others, but also, once in a while, it must be presented to some foreigner of world-wide eminence; otherwise, it would soon have no great value as a bribe for obscure persons in a position to secretly fix something up for France on the back stairs that would cost millions if done openly and legitimately in the front office.

The honor can be withdrawn, and that power has caused almost as much scandal as its bestowal. The Grand Chancery of the Legion is notorious for attempting to protect and to keep in its ranks members condemned for fraud and other offenses in the courts, such as M. Eiffel, convicted of stealing 20,000,000 francs of public funds.

In 1879 the Grand Chancery had to prohibit grocers, haberdashers and makers of lingerie, perfumes and liquers, whose "civil merit" had won the decoration, from using it as an advertisement and window display to sell their goods. Like British titles, the crosses were for sale to the highest bidder.

In 1927 M. Marcel Ruotte, of the Ministry of Commerce, together with M. Cams and M. Dumoulin, were tried for selling decorations wholesale, some of them as cheap as 14,000. M. Chapgard, a druggist, took one at this bargain figure, and so did a decorator named Dumas, but M. Gossard, big wool merchant, paid three times as much.

In fact, many wealthy men, after receiving the decoration, never wore it nor mentioned it, and are said to have told their friends that they did not want the thing, but had felt obliged to buy and pay for it, in order to enjoy certain political favors in a business way.

The great Napoleon would turn in his porphyry sarcophagus if he knew that the medal for heroism that he founded in 1802 had fallen so low as to be forced by politicians upon rich tradesmen who toss it away in a drawer like tickets they are forced to buy for a policeman's ball.

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WHEN HUNGRY FELLOWS GET TOGETHER

Supper's a jolly meal with Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans

An easy-to-get, delicious meal . . . one your menfolk can manage themselves. Father's a good helper when there's nothing more to do than heat a can or two of Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans. In a jiffy, he has a steaming dish ready and an eager customer in Junior.

Junior knows Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans. They're one of his favorite dishes. Father's, too, for he likes his beans *baked* . . . baked as only Heinz can bake them . . . nut-brown and mealy . . . flavored through and through with Heinz rich, thick tomato sauce and slices of tender, young pork.

In fact all the family find Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans delicious, satisfying and economical. And there are so many easy, tempting ways* to serve them. Your grocer has Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans . . . four kinds . . . four sizes . . . to suit every taste, purse and family. Order a supply now for lunches, suppers, picnics. *H. J. HEINZ COMPANY • PITTSBURGH, PA.*

***Try these delightful variations in serving Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans:**

Fill individual bean pots or earthenware baking cups with hot Heinz Oven-Baked *Beans and top with a spoonful of Heinz Chili Sauce.*

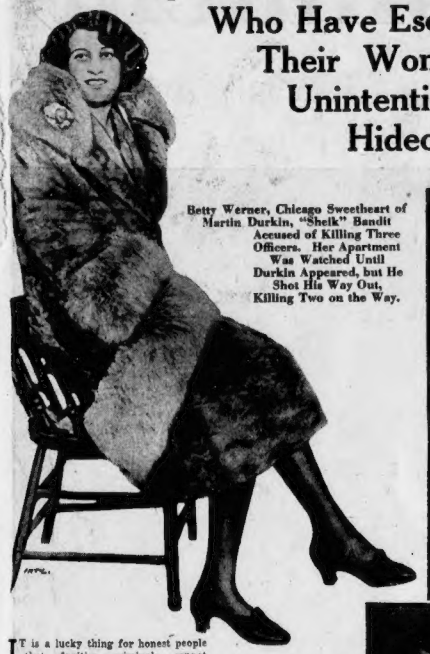
Empty the contents of a can of Heinz Oven-Baked *Beans into a casserole or baking dish, lay three or four strips of bacon over the top and place in hot oven or under broiler until bacon is crisp and beans heated through.*

HEINZ OVEN BAKED BEANS

Try these other Heinz Pure Foods —HEINZ TOMATO KETCHUP, HEINZ COOKED SPAGHETTI, HEINZ CREAM OF TOMATO SOUP.

Criminals Caught Through Their Sweethearts

Recent Captures of "Wanted" Men and Desperadoes Who Have Escaped From Prison, Where Their Women Companions Have Unintentionally Betrayed Their Hideouts to the Police



Betty Werner, Chicago Sweetheart of Martin Durkin, "Sheik" Bandit Accused of Killing Three Officers. Her Apartment Was Watched Until Durkin Appeared, but He Shot His Way Out, Killing Two on the Way.

Edith M. Harrison, Secretary to W. E. Willard, Who Accompanied Him on an Auto Trip Across the Country. New York Police Wanted Him for a $500,000 Swindle and Caught Him in Seattle Through Tracing the Girl.

Mrs. Fred Burke, Innocent Country Bride of the Man Charged With a Dozen Murders, Contributed to His Capture by Constantly Changing $100 Bills.

Fannie Brice, Stage Star and Former Wife of the Notorious Crook and Jailbird, Nicky Arnstein, Who Arranged With the Police for the Appearance of Her Husband When It Became Convenient to Do So.

Dorothy Bolger, Whom Her Absconding Employer Followed Even After She Was Married to Another. She Was Shadowed and He Was Caught.

Martin Durkin, Chicago Slayer, Was Eventually Captured Through His Beautiful Young Wife, Shown Above.

IT is a lucky thing for honest people that fugitive criminals cannot seem to keep away from tying up to some woman. A bandit may "shoot it out" with the police and get away, or a desperado may manage to escape from prison and successfully hide from the police if he will change his name and his clothes and the appearance of his face and do nothing to attract attention to his quiet and solitary existence.

But as soon as the "wanted" man sends for his old sweetheart or takes up with some new charmer, he has opened the door to discovery. Living his own life, nobody is likely to pay much attention to his coming and going. But as soon as he is tied up with a woman there are a hundred ways in which he may be betrayed. The curiosity and appraising eye of other women are at once focused on the pair, where no attention would have been given to the man alone.

What kind of clothes does she wear, and how does her husband make his money? If the pair move into a new community the women want to know where she came from and somebody is likely to have acquaintances in her native town. And the criminal's sweetheart herself is likely to do a little bragging and drop incautious remarks which may give the clue the police have been hoping for.

If "Killer" Nannery, one of the most desperate criminals in the United States, had not stopped in front of a small-town New Jersey drug store to let his sweetheart go in and buy a lipstick the other day he would still be free as he had been for the last two years since he walked out of Sing Sing Prison.

If "Two-Gun" Crowley had not thrown over his "moll" and taken up with a new charmer, Helen Walsh, the police would not have gotten the tip which enabled them to surround his hiding place in West 90th Street and captured him. So also, a few days ago, Mr. Joseph ("Silk Vest") Dinan, versatile burglar, bank robber and gunman, was sentenced to twenty-seven years in the penitentiary because police had put a watch on Ruth Donald, his lady friend, and she unintentionally led the detectives to him.

Gangdom recognizes this "skirt menace" and tries to regulate it. When a member is removed by bullet or prison sentence his "widow," unless she transfers her affections to another gangster, is likely to be taken for a ride as were Vivian Gordon, Anne Urbas, Alta Donello and others for fear they might betray gang secrets. But while he is at large the criminal is supposed to watch his wives and sweethearts and take his chances. Like his liquor, he must have his women, though in moderation.

Gerald Chapman, the "super-bandit;" Jake Fleagle, Western train and bank robber; Martin Durkin, killer-bandit; Fred Burke, "worst criminal of the age," were all caught through the innocent actions of their wives or sweethearts. So have been dozens of other notorious criminals.

"Boston Billy," robber, murderer and terrorizer of Jesse Livermore and other Long Island millionaires, was traced by watching the home of a lady friend in Sound View, Connecticut. There he was caught, single-handed, by Gordon Hurley, a young police detective of Nassau County, N. Y., without a warrant or anything else but nerve and a gun.

When Nicky Arnstein ran away with a huge fortune in Liberty bonds the New York police made the strange blunder of not intercepting the mail of his wife, Fannie Brice, the actress. Had they taken that trouble they would have learned that he was living in Washington, D. C., and corresponding regularly as a dutiful husband should. But Fannie turned him in, anyway. She arranged with the District Attorney to accept $50,000 bail and for her friend, the late Arnold Rothstein, to put it up.

When everything was fixed she wrote Nicky and met him at the station with her car. Finding traffic upset by the annual police parade, they watched New York's finest march by, but not one of them recognized the man they were all after. Then they fell in behind the procession and, with this princely escort, drove down to police headquarters in Centre Street, where Mr. Arnstein gave himself up.

Fred ("Killer") Burke, often called the worst criminal of the age because at least twelve murders are charged against him, including the St. Valentine's massacre in Chicago, was a daring, resourceful and successful man, just the kind to lead a powerful gang, in spite of these qualifications he was a sort of lone wolf because other criminals were afraid of him on account of his women.

One woman is a natural risk and necessary evil that cannot be helped. Two of them more than double the risk because, besides offering two different clues for the police to follow, there is the chance of working on their jealousy. Burke's murderous heart was very tender toward pretty blondes, whom he could never resist, and he had a list of affairs even longer than his murder list. This shocked even the most desperate characters of the underworld, who prophesied that one of them would surely get him caught. One did.

The "Killer" had never troubled to marry any of them until he met the little country girl, Bonnie Gwendolyn Porter, who was as good as she was pretty. Burke was in hiding, posing as a country real estate dealer, near St. Joseph, Mo. He was introduced to Bonnie by her father, with whom Burke, as Realtor White, had business dealings. They fell in love almost at first sight and Burke knew that to get this girl he would have to marry her. So he did and settled down in a house on his father-in-law's farm. Of course, Bonnie had no idea that her bridegroom was the most notorious murderer of the age and the most eagerly wanted man by the police of a dozen cities.

All might have gone well if Burke had not had the well-known underworld vanity. He had the sense to dress and act like a moderately successful business man, but he could not resist the temptation of dressing his pretty little wife up "like a million dollars," and she saw no reason for not displaying her finery before the envious eyes of the other women who last year were wearing the previous season's clothes. It delighted him to note the awed silence when his wife flashed a hundred-dollar bill to make purchases. But he would not have been so happy had he known how the women talked of nothing else afterward but how any man could make such money in a hard-up farming community where anything bigger than a five had gotten to be a curiosity.

The women talked so much that finally they got the men to wondering and two amateur detectives thought they recognized in this indulgent husband the much-wanted "Killer." The police were notified and captured him in bed, sleeping as only the just are supposed to sleep. Chicago wanted him the most, but the Missouri authorities had little confidence in the courts of that city and gave their prisoner to officers from St. Joseph, Michigan, where he pleaded guilty to killing a policeman and was sentenced to life or till the parole board pleases to turn him loose on society again.

Irma Sullivan, blacksmith's daughter and belle of Cornell, Illinois, went to Chicago and at a bathing beach flirted with Martin Durkin, Chicago's "sheik" bandit, as well-known in the West as was Gerald Chapman in the East. Mr. Durkin, however, neglected to tell her his claims to fame and she thought him just a big, rich business man. After that the boys in her home town did not look so good to Irma.

One day the "sheik" rolled into Cornell in one of the biggest, shiniest cars she had ever seen. A half hour's talk and she was pursuaded to elope. He graciously married her, but that didn't mean anything as he was not legally separated from at least one of his two previous wives. And Betty, another sweetheart, and the baby, were still in Chicago.

Irma and Durkin had a delightful honeymoon trip to Los Angeles in the great, gleaming car, which had been stolen in Chicago. That was one of Durkin's side lines—stealing automobiles, always of the most expensive make. When one broke down or the chase of pursuing officers got too hot, he simply abandoned that car and stole another.

Durkin was a bank and mail robber who never hesitated to shoot it out with officers. At least three were said to have been killed by him. Once, before he married Irma Sullivan, he was traced to a flat occupied by Betty Werner, the unmarried mother of the child attributed to Durkin. Although half a dozen policemen surrounded the building, Durkin shot his way out and escaped badly wounded. He left behind him the dead forms of a policeman and Betty's uncle, who got in the way of some one's bullet.

Durkin made his first mistake when he sent Irma to get new license plates for the honeymoon car in East St. Louis, Ill. The officers ascertained she was traveling with him and kept on the trail all the way to Los Angeles and back. The fugitive barely escaped a trap set for him in the California city. Durkin and his bride headed for Mexico, but their car broke down near Alpine, Tex. As he could not steal another car of the required power there, he acceded to his bride's tearful entreaties and bought railroad tickets for home. Federal officers arrived in Alpine shortly after Durkin's departure and in time to intercept by wire his train in St. Louis, Mo., where Durkin was surprised and arrested in his stateroom. Besides a 35-year sentence for murder, Durkin was given 15 years for auto thefts, so he is now serving a 50-year term if the probation enthusiasts don't let him out.

Gerald Chapman was another lone wolf and quite careful about women, but not quite careful enough. Previous to the spectacular $2,450,000 Leonard Street mail robbery in New York, Chapman had been living at No. 12 Gramercy Park with an attractive, dark-eyed young woman then 24 years old, slender and weighing little over 100 pounds. Occasionally they visited Broadway night clubs, but mostly they lived quietly, spending the evenings at home or in obscure little Greenwich Village restaurants. She was unaware that Chapman was the most daring bandit of the time. When he was arrested and sent to Atlanta for 25 years she married "for security" a Providence, R. I., business man.

After his escape from Atlanta prison, he occasionally corresponded with his former sweetheart. The letters were intercepted and the authorities were always close behind him. They knew he was in the vicinity of Muncie, Ind., when a series of safe-crackings occurred there. They trapped him, he was taken to Hartford, convicted of the slaying of a policeman in an interrupted department store robbery and finally hanged. The authorities shielded the woman's identity under the name of "Mrs. Betty Beeswax."

The fate of Jake Fleagle, train and bank robber and last of that type of wild West desperado, was a clear case of too many women. After the robbery of the First National Bank of Lamar, Colorado, in which four men were wantonly murdered, Jake escaped, though his brother Ralph and two others of the gang were caught and hanged. The officers learned that Jake had a sweetheart in Garden City, Kansas, called on that lady and had great luck.

She was annoyed because Jake had deserted her for another in southwestern Missouri. The detectives gratefully took the rival's address and visited her. Alas, Jake hadn't treated this one right, either, and she told them about a third at Hollister, Mo. When they arrived Mr. Fleagle was also calling and shot it out with the officers, dying with his boots on.

The other day W. E. Willard, New York promoter, who is charged with defrauding small investors of $500,000, was arrested in Seattle, Wash., with his secretary, Edith M. Harrison. They had made an extensive auto tour of the country. Willard had succeeded in covering his trail, but the girl could not. Police of many cities helped trace her to Seattle.

With his wife and family off his mind, the alleged absconder had joyfully set out with Miss Harrison for an auto trip. In a big sedan they drove down the Atlantic seaboard, across the Southern States, through Arizona, down to Tia Juana, up along the Pacific Coast, including San Diego, San Francisco and Seattle. When he ran short of ready cash, Willard did not bother to draw on the $500,000 he is accused of stealing, but simply cashed a worthless check. So impressive was his appearance that the Plaza Hotel in San Antonio and another hotel in Los Angeles trustfully honored his checks for $500 each.

Months later a Seattle printer became suspicious and notified the police when he received an order to print 500 expensive and impressive checks. The police watched to see who called for them. And along came Miss Harrison. They recognized her by the description and trailed her to the Piccadilly Hotel, where the much-wanted Mr. Willard awaited her. Most men can be inconspicuous when they want to be, but it seems almost impossible for a woman.

Fred G. Beale, Binghamton, N. Y., absconder, successfully evaded the police until he followed his secretary, Miss Dorothy Bolger, to Florida on her honeymoon with another man. Police knew of his infatuation for her, shadowed her and caught Beale in Miami.

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OVER NINE MILLION A DAY

The New Pajamas and Divided Skirts

Authoritative and Newest Fashions From the Studios of the Most Distinguished French Dress Creators, Drawn by Soulie, Foremost Fashion Artist of Paris

Ardanse Is One of the Houses That Make Divided Evening Skirts. This Model Is in Yellow Marquisette, a Material More Fragile Than Chiffon. The Trousers Are Very Full and Their Bifurcation Is Disguished by the Girdle, Which Is Tied Round the Hips, With a Frill at the Edge, and Long, Frill Ends Hanging Down in the Front in Cascades. Over the Shoulders Is a Cape-Like Drapery of Yellow Lace in a Big Flower Design Bordered With the Yellow Marquisette.

A Pajama for Dinner Wear at Home Is This One in a Combination of Materials—Georgette for the Blouse-Jacket and Satin for the Trousers. The Jacket Is Prettily Cut With Elbow Sleeves, With a Half Frill Hanging From Them. It Fastens Over to One Side in a Curved Line, and Has a Strap of the Material Across the Back, Which Is Tied in a Knot on On Shoulder. The Satin Trousers Are Mounted in Pleats to a Fitted Hip Section. The Color Is Faint Peach.

For the Beach Is This Costume, Consisting of a Bathing Suit in Tricot, and a Divided Skirt That Is Quite Short. The Bathing Suit Is in Plaid Wool Knitted Material, White Foundation With Cross Lines of Emerald Green and Navy Blue. The Edges Are White. The Divided Skirt Buttons On With One Big Button, and Is of White Jersey With a Border of Navy and Emerald Green Tussore. The Scarf, Which Also Buttons, Is of White Tussore With an Edge of Navy and Green. It Can Be Arranged to Cover the Decollete in the Back of the Suit, If One Wishes.

PARIS, July 10.

THE pajama in recent years has taken an important place in the wardrobe of smart women. First it came out of the bedroom and onto the beach; now it has been promoted to the dining-room, and even, in the case of the divided skirt, to the ballroom itself.

There is a great deal of difference, however, between the divided skirt and the real pajama. The bifurcation in the second is very evident—it is even insisted upon; whereas in the first it is disguised in a number of ways—by its own fullness, by hanging panels and by the girdle, as in the model from Ardanse sketched on this page.

While many of the dressmaking houses, including Chanel, Worth, Lelong, Mainbocher, Schiaparelli and others, make divided evening skirts, I must say that I do not see a great many of them worn. I saw one or two at St. Moritz during the Winter sports season, and a few at Cannes in the Spring. However, the sponsors insist that they have a great future. Worth has a rather new version of them. Under a transparent lace skirt he puts a short, narrow pair of trousers with lace edges, coming four inches or so below the knees. Mainbocher made a great many skirts with long trousers under them, quite hidden, in his first collections. Later he made the full divided skirt that only shows in movement that it is in two parts instead of one. All these come in the category of regular evening dress.

—To the Left— The Model on This Page, from Louise Boulanger, Is a Pajama That Is Meant for the Hostess to Wear in Her Own Home When Receiving Informally. Trousers of a White Exotic Silk Are Almost Covered by a Drapery of Gold Lame With Red and White Flowers.

Pajamas for the hostess are more varied and individual. They play the same role that used to be born by the tea gown in the days of long corsets. That is, they give a woman an opportunity to indulge her personal tastes and even her eccentricities to a high degree. They may be inspired by any historical epoch, any country or any clime. The model from Louise Boulanger, on this page, is quite Oriental. It begins with a blouse and full, straight trousers of a white brocbe silk material, rather exotic in weave. Over tha is an interesting drapery of gold lame brocaded with red and white flowers. The lame appears again in the short cape worn over the blouse. This type of pajamas may be Turkish or Chinese; it may be reminiscent of man's modes in the romantic period; it may be Greek or Roman. One may experiment with it to one's heart's content.

Then there is what might be called the "dressmaker pajama," which is very much like a gown, apart from the fact that its skirt is divided. Differing from the evening gown with a divided skirt, being less formal in type, it still remains feminine and follows the general lines of the mode. An example, from Mitsou, is shown on this page in a combination of georgette and satin of a lovely tone of peach. Mitsou makes many pajamas for the actress, Spinelly, who was one of the first Parisiennes to adopt this type of garment, which she wore at tea time when receiving in her modernistic home.

It is on the beach that the pajama reigns supreme. But, oddly enough, not on all beaches. Deauville has never gone in very strongly for it, nor has Le Touquet. At Cap d'Antibes, Juan les Pins and the Lido it is so generally worn that a woman in a skirt would be rather remarkable.

Many types of beach pajamas are seen, and the trousers are of several different lengths—long, ankle, half way down the leg and quite short. The divided skirt, worn over a bathing suit, is perhaps the newest version. One from Mitsou is shown on this page. Mary Nowitsky must be credited with having developed the pajama for beach wear. She was the first specialist in this type and has carried the idea into all kinds of materials and many different forms. On the Riviera the pajama worn by the smartest women is very simple in cut and material. It is as often as not in the form of an overall, worn with a short jacket, sometimes sleeveless, often sleeved. It is made of linen, pique, tussore, or tulle de soie, or of crepe de Chine.

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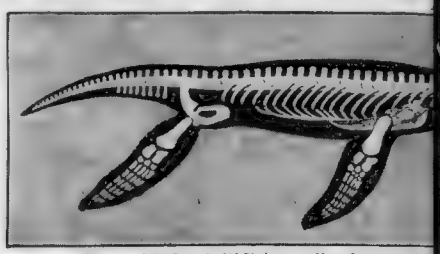
Prehistoric Monsters Which M

Unexpected Discoveries of Strange and Hitherto Unknown Animals in Recent Years and Reports That Have Reached Scientists of Other Unknown Creatures Here and There in Unexplored Corners of the World

The Remarkable "Okapi." This Is a Striking Example of an Animal Which Was Known Only by Its Fossil Remains, and Which Was Believed to Have Been Extinct for Thousands of Centuries. It Was Only Thirty Years Ago That Scientists Discovered That This Large Animal of Prehistoric Times Was Alive in the World Today. Many Museums Now Possess Stuffed Specimens and Living "Okapis" Have Been on Exhibition in Zoological Gardens.



Skeleton of the Gigantic Old Plesiosaurus, Many Specimens of W Was Formerly Cover

The Famous "Sea Serpent" Has Been Reported Recently in the Bay o acter Makes It Impossible to Doubt Their Statements. According t the Plesiosaurus of the Jurassic Epoch.

The Skelet

By Professor Rene Thevenin

The Distinguished French Scientist

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SCIENTISTS are constantly discovering new forms of living animals hitherto unknown, but they are mostly microscopic creatures or of small size, like insects. In earlier ages before the arrival of man on our earth, we know that there were huge creatures of strange features and sometimes of unwieldy bulk. Is it possible that there still remain some of these prehistoric creatures who have survived until modern times, hidden in some unknown part of the world where nobody has yet succeeded in capturing them?

While there are still some unexplored portions of the earth, yet it might seem evident that any large animals living there must be exactly the same as those in the neighboring zones which have been explored, since these creatures can pass from one region to the other without difficulty. And yet it is a mistake to conclude that there are no large, unknown animals. Indeed, during the last thirty years the existence of a number of them has been recognized, although it has not been possible in every instance to prove this by indisputable testimony, such as would be supplied by bringing back their bodies, dead or alive.

A number of discoveries have been made concerning these mysterious beasts since the beginning of the present century, and they have presented fascinating mysteries to science. The list of them is far from being ended and there is every reason to believe that science will be given some astonishing surprises in the near future. Let me recall very briefly a few established facts which have been proved before going into detail more fully on the puzzles of the same kind which have not yet been solved.

In the first class of facts, the most remarkable is the discovery of the celebrated Okapi for the first time by Johnston. It is known that the Okapi is a large ruminant animal, representing a stage of development between the antelopes and the giraffe, and which resembles very closely no other animal except a fossil form which became extinct in the Tertiary period and is now known as the Helladotherium.

Johnston first became aware of the existence of this mysterious animal from seeing fragments of its skin used as a covering for shields among the negroes of the Congo. These fragments, which came from the thighs of the animal, were of a purple-brown tint striped with white, tan and black, which caused the naturalist to think at first that it might be a kind of zebra of an unknown species.

He started to search for it in the unexplored forest. But the native guides led him upon the tracks of a great mammal with a cloven foot like that of the deer. He did not care to follow any further the tracks shown to him, which he refused to believe were those of the animal he was seeking. At this time he believed he ought to look for an animal of the horse type, which has an undivided hoof.

As the neighborhood was an unhealthy one, which made the continuation of the hunt almost impossible, Johnston went away without having seen the Okapi. But some time later a Swedish officer, Captain Eriksson, was able to obtain a complete skin and two skulls of the mysterious animal from the natives. Scientists at once saw that the animal differed entirely from all living mammals of which there is any description. New expeditions were then organized. It was only after long and arduous efforts that they were able to find the animal. Since that time it has been possible to capture specimens alive. In 1919 an Okapi lived several months in captivity for the first time. This occurred at the menagerie at Antwerp.

These events prove the surprising fact that we lived into the twentieth century before learning of the existence of a large vertebrate animal of an entirely new species, representing a type which science had believed had disappeared for thousands of years. Such a case, even if it were not a solitary one, proves that our earth has not yet finished revealing to us its most mysterious secrets. But this case is not an isolated one, and we will now consider some others still more curious.

Stanley, when he was exploring the unknown interior of East Africa, was accustomed to say that all the strangest things the world was concealing from man must be there. The discoveries of his successors show that he was right to a large degree.

A few years before the great war, some explorers in the service of the celebrated Hagenbeck menagerie, which is located near Hamburg, in Germany, reported that they had seen on the west side of Lake Tanganyika some strange animals which they had unsuccessfully tried to capture. The description they gave of them was so extraordinary that their statements were not taken very seriously. They asserted that these animals bore a strong resemblance to the mysterious reptiles of an earlier geological period, such as the Diplodocus. This statement appeared incredible. Nevertheless, the descriptions of various independent observers agreed with one another. The reports of the Hagenbeck men were not investigated further.

Shortly afterwards some English officers, and a few months later some Belgian officers, called by their duties to the same region, reported also that they had seen enormous animals appearing, according to the exact expression some of them used, "to date from another epoch," and which unfortunately they had not been able to approach on account of the insurmountable difficulties of the vast marshes in which they were seen. The character and good faith of the witnesses in this case could not be questioned. Such facts called for the serious investigation of scientists, and plans were discussed of learning the truth about this mystery.

Then the war came and made such investigations impossible. But when it was over, the investigation was renewed. At the end of 1919, two Belgian explorers, M. Copelle and M. Le Page, were going through a totally unexplored region on the right bank of the upper Congo. Here they observed strange footprints extending over a distance of fifteen miles, which led them into view at last of an extraordinary animal, much larger than an elephant, with a humped back and a powerful tail, similar to that of a kangaroo, and whose body seemed to be covered with scales. They fired several rifle shots at it but the monster was able to move quickly and disappeared. They were not able to find it again.

The footprints and the testimony of the two hunters, who are perfectly honorable persons, remained to be considered. The documents which they brought back were examined by distinguished scientists. Their unanimous opinion was that the animal in question was very nearly like the Brontosaurus, a formidable reptile with a body 65 feet long and of a race which was believed to be extinct on earth many thousands of years before the appearance of the first man.

What conclusions are we to draw from these facts? It is impossible at the present moment to answer this question definitely. A mission was sent a short time ago to examine the country where this monster was reported, but has not been able to settle the question. The majority of the members died on their journey while endeavoring to fight their way through almost insurmountable obstacles. All that can be said is that the mystery is a real one and that it is one of the most fascinating to the human mind of which we have any hint. But it is not the only one, as we shall see.

We will pass rapidly over the problematic existence of the famous "sea serpent," which for a century has periodically been discussed in the newspapers.

It is a mistake to treat this question as merely a subject for humor. There is certainly a large element of truth in the many reports which have been made of the appearance of the sea serpent. The authors, by reason of their position, cannot be suspected of romancing. Many of them are naval officers, such as Captain MacQuhae, commander of H. M. S. Daedalus; Captain Lagresille and his sailors of the French warship Avalanche, and Lieutenant l'Eost, of the French ship Decidee. The French officers reported the appearance of this creature in 1897, 1898 and 1904.

In connection with the report of Lieutenant l'Eost concerning what this naval officer had seen, I had personally an opportunity to receive the opinion of my illustrious and regretted masters, E. Vaillant, Professor of the Museum at Paris, and Professor A. M. Giard, of the Academy of Science. These distinguished scientists, upon the strength of documents which they had collected, were persuaded that the fabulous sea serpent which is periodically observed in the Bay of Along, in Tonkin, itself one of the geological enigmas of the universe, was not in the least a myth and most probably resembled the large sea animals of earlier geological periods, such as the Plesiosaurus and their cousins, which swarmed in the ancient seas. Reproductions of them are given herewith.

It is, however, not unreasonable to think that the oceans, which are of such great depth and vast extent, and which have only been explored recently, conceal many mysteries. It is practically on account of their immensity that the difficulties of discovering strange animals are greater than on land. Uncertainty is still very great on the subject of unknown marine animals, and so we will not push this subject any further but pass to more specific and positive cases.

For many years the natives of Tierra del Fuego, the lonely group of islands at the extreme southern end of South America, have asserted that there are large strange animals in the most inaccessible regions of their mountains. The natives say that they have met these beasts on very rare occasions at night at the entrance of the subterranean caverns in which these creatures take refuge during the day.

The description which the natives give resembles quite closely the great Edentate, or toothless animals of the type of the extinct Glyptodons. They are a kind of gigantic armadillo, about the size of donkeys, covered with a rigid shell, and lived in America in the Tertiary epoch.

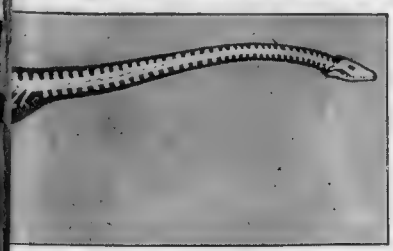
The savages of all countries believe in so many fables that scientists would have given the report no more credit than it deserved, if recent facts had not come to support it in a singularly interesting manner. A few years ago some European travelers, exploring the extreme south of Patagonia, discovered in a cave near Ultima Speranza the skin of a large animal to which some of the

Photograph of the Big Man-Like Ape Shot Near the Venezuela-Colombia Border in South America. This Creature Was 8 Feet 2 Inches Tall, and Weighed 118 Pounds. But Scientists Had Never Supposed That Such a Monkey Existed Anywhere in the New World.

The Brontosaurus Was a Gigantic Reptile Before the Appearance of Man. Several Tra Report That They Have Seen a Strai Wilderness of the S

May Still Be Living To-day

How Scientists Finally Tracked and Captured the Curious "Okapi" Reported by Natives in Africa; Possibility That the Giant Glyptodon Still Exists; a Man-Sized Monkey Seen But Lost in South America



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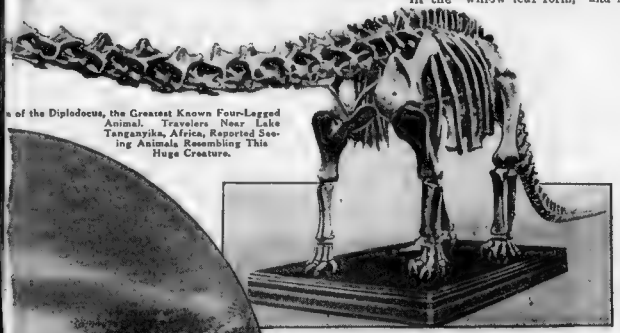
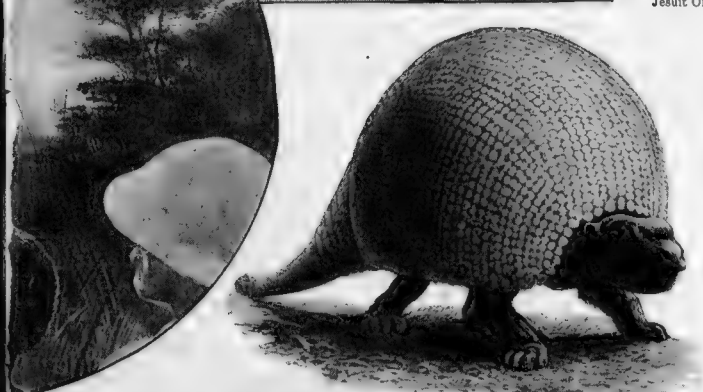
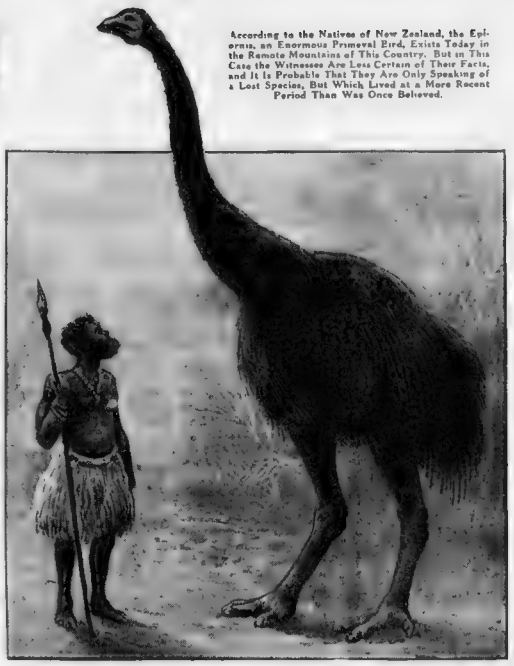


a of the Diplodocus, the Greatest Known Four-Legged Animal. Travelers Near Lake Tanganyika, Africa, Reported Seeing Animals Resembling This Huge Creature.



ong Believed to Have Become Extinct velers, Apparently Worthy of Credence, ge Monster of This Kind in the pper Congo.

The Glyptodons Were Enormous Mammals of the Order of Edentates, or Toothless Creatures, Which Lived in South America in the Tertiary Epoch, Over 1,000,000 Years Ago. As Explained in the Accompanying Article, It Is Possible That Some of These Strange Animals or Their Very Near Relatives Are at the Present Moment Living in the Less Explored Regions of This Country.



According to the Natives of New Zealand, the Epiornis, an Enormous Primeval Bird, Exists Today in the Remote Mountains of This Country. But in This Case the Witnesses Are Less Certain of Their Facts, and It Is Probable That They Are Only Speaking of a Lost Species, But Which Lived at a More Recent Period Than Was Once Believed.

flesh and hair was still adhering, as well as the remains of the small bones of the feet, which were similar to those of the Glyptodon and its cousin, the Mylodon. All these vestiges were very fresh and belonged to an animal recently dead. A still more curious fact was that the remains of this strange animal rested on a thick couch of refuse, proving that the beast had always lived in this cave.

Another remarkable discovery was then made in another region of the same country, near Rio Salado, where the explorer Oates found the remains of another Glyptodon, which gave evidence that it also had died recently.

These facts proved that the stories of the natives are not inventions. This large animal, to which no known existing allied species can be compared in size and shape, must either exist today or have become extinct in recent times, and not before the appearance of man, as was believed previously.

It should be added that the skeleton of an animal nearly related to the Glyptodon was also discovered in Argentina. It was pierced by an arrow which had lodged in the spinal column. The point of this arrow was of quartzite fashioned in the "willow leaf form," and is identical with the arrows which the natives of the region use today.

The discovery of the recent remains of these species proves that statements furnished by the inhabitants of imperfectly explored countries have an importance which should not be despised or overlooked. In the same line of reasoning, it is interesting to quote the unanimous opinion of the savages of the Waipu tribe in New Zealand, who informed the explorer Colenso of the existence in inaccessible parts of their mountains of gigantic birds of which they were in great fear, and some bones of which this traveler actually found. In this instance it is more than probable that the birds were actually extinct and that the tribes had only preserved the tradition of their existence from the times of their ancestors.

Several similar instances might be cited, but we cannot discuss all of them and we will conclude by mentioning the most mysterious and dramatic instance in the whole list.

From the time of the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards down to modern times, one problem especially remained insoluble in the opinion of naturalists and archeologists. This problem was the occurrence in the Maya monuments of Yucatan of large statues representing monkeys of a distinctly anthropoid form, more like man, indeed, than the gorillas and orang-utans are.

Now we know, or, rather, we thought we did until recently, that no anthropoid monkey has ever existed in America, and scientists have lost their way in interminable suppositions concerning the origin of these statues. The only document to which any credence could be given only helped to make the mystery deeper. This is a text of the "Cronica del Peru," by Pietro Cieza de Leon, written in the Sixteenth Century.

This distinguished author states:

"There are very large female monkeys in this country, which are daughters of devils, with the head of a man and the feet and hands of monkeys. Some of them are so much like the human race that men have married them. They have no language, but utter a plaintive wailing."

Some commentators have suggested humorously that the reason why men married them was that they had no language.

It was only about 1883 that investigators began to see their way through this puzzle. A Spanish missionary, Father Juan Rivero, of the Jesuit Order, saw one day on Mt. Macaguane, in the country of the Betoyas Indians, an extraordinary creature who stood upright on his feet like a man. He had the face of a man, but his body was thickly covered with hair and his limbs appeared to be those of a monkey. As soon as this animal saw the travelers he uttered plaintive cries and fled into the forest. They were not able to find him again. The question still remained a mystery, but a new fact was reported recently which added to the certainty that this creature existed and greatly increased the interest felt in the subject.

In 1917 a French scientist, M. de Loys, led a geological expedition into the virgin forests which are found in the country of the Motilones Indians, who have remained absolute savages. The country lies along the borders of Venezuela and Colombia.

The behavior of the Indians rendered the task of the explorer very difficult. Out of twenty men who accompanied the explorer, he was only able to bring back four alive after three years of cruel hardships. The others had either died from fever or been killed by the arrows of invisible enemies. Monsieur de Loys himself was wounded by one of these arrows. It was only after the most desperate struggles that the survivors were able to escape.

In the course of their perilous journey the party camped one day on the bank of a tributary on the left side of the upper Tarra river. Suddenly they heard a noise in the forest and soon saw two creatures come out who stood on their feet after the manner of men. They were in a state of great fury, shrieked, broke off branches of trees which they flourished like clubs, and threw projectiles which they drew from their own bodies.

In answer to these threats the explorers fired several rifle shots. The female of the strange couple, who was walking in front, was killed and the male disappeared. The explorers dissected the fallen animal and intended to preserve the body, but the exposition found itself in such extreme danger that the pieces were lost one after another and the four survivors had great difficulty in saving their own lives. It is, therefore, only from their descriptions that the extraordinary animal can be reconstructed.

They said that its head was particularly remarkable, having a face very highly developed in proportion to the jaws. The legs were noticeably longer than those of the gorilla and the orang-utan and showed a human character in their proportions. The height of the animal was about five feet, which is a common height among savages and the smaller races of men, and greatly exceeds that of all hitherto known American monkeys.

Commenting on Dr. de Loys's remarkable discovery, Professor Francis M. Ashley-Montagu, of the Royal Anthropological Institute of Great Britain, says no Old World monkey reaches the height of 5 feet 2 inches (the height of this South American monkey), nor the weight of 115 pounds. This is the height and weight of an average human being. He then continues:

"It has ever been the custom to deride the new discovery of apes—the classical case of Du Chaillu and the gorilla is yet fresh within living memory (1859-65)—while the story of the acrimonious battles which have raged over the discovery of the remains of extinct races of man is too well known to require any amplification here. Let us here bear these events in mind, and endeavor not to commit a like injustice."

It might be supposed that in the realm of bird life there remained little or nothing unknown to man. While an animal might be restricted to some jungle or remote and unexplored spot, owing to mountain barriers, rivers or other natural limitations—yet the birds could easily overcome such barriers.

And yet new forms of bird life are constantly being discovered. In mountain ranges, on isolated peaks or on islands off the mainland remarkable discoveries of new birds have been made. Prof. G. L. Bates, the well-known naturalist and collector, has recently returned from a trip across Africa in the interests of the British Museum. He was rewarded by securing many new feathered creatures never before seen or reported by naturalists. And there are many other similar instances.

These facts are now giving a great deal of concern to scientists and place the statements of old authors and the monuments of ancient races such as we have mentioned, in a new light.

They show that in the depths of remote forests important secrets are still concealed which, if they should be one day cleared up, would furnish us with information of inestimable value. They prove, indeed, as we suggested at the beginning of this article, that upon the earth where we dwell and whose inhabitants we thought until recently were entirely known to us, there remain to be discovered some very important and curious creatures.

Lava Love — by Inez Castello

The Gripping Story of a Girl Who Fought Against Her Own Heart

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

BEAUTIFUL Adora Vernon, position on the yacht Sea-Spray of a certain millionaire, becomes embarrassing when Nicky Armstrong, the owner, makes clandestine love to her. Nicky's wife discovers the affair and innocent Adora is drugged and left behind at Saranos at the plantation of Carlos de Velasquiez, a former admirer of hers.

The Spaniard makes her an offer of marriage but head-strong Adora refuses and escapes to Saranos where she falls into the hands of Manuel da Costa, a Portuguese innkeeper. Carlos rescues her and returns her to his plantation. Under the strike of his love-making Adora feels herself waking.

She decides to catch Carlos but determines to tantalize him a bit before she surrenders. She is about to confess her love when Conchita Mendez and her brother Luiz arrive unexpectedly for a visit. The Spaniard introduces Adora as his wife to save her reputation.

Conchita is furious as she hoped to marry Carlos for his wealth and titles. They trick Adora into admitting that she is not married and then marriage to do credit her and Carlos with each other. An earthquake drives Adora into the Spaniard's arms, all misunderstandings are swept away and they agree to be married in the morning.

While Carlos is after the priest Luiz, now madly infatuated with Adora, has her kidnaped by da Costa. They make it appear that Adora has drowned herself and hold her prisoner in the house of da Costa's nephew Jaime.

Carlos is suspicious of Conchita and in order to trap her says he will marry her when Adora's body is found, or at Conchita's request. But da Costa, under the orders of Conchita, will not wish to marry him. The Spanish girl persuades her brother to force Adora to write a letter to that effect.

Da Costa intends to keep Adora for himself but Luiz finds the hiding place as the kidnaper is attempting to force his attentions upon her. Luiz threatens to make her death a matter of less hurry to da Costa unless she writes the letter that offers to pay his board a ship for England in return for the latter and her promise never to see Carlos again.

Adora writes it and when it is computed there is a terrific earthquake and the volcano Pillarossa begins to erupt. Luiz flees and she is able to escape to the castle where she finds Don Carlos and Conchita in a passionate embrace. The Spaniard is merely reassuring Conchita of her terror but Adora believes he has forgotten her already and allows him to depart to aid in the rescue work at Saranos without discovering herself.

When Conchita discovers Adora the Spanish girl is desperate enough to murder her if necessary. She is only prevented by the arrival of a priest who intimates that Carlos has been killed. They return to Saranos with the priest where all but Conchita engage in rescue work as the disturbance subsides.

Conchita discovers that Carlos is not dead but has been hidden by the priest until his injuries mend.

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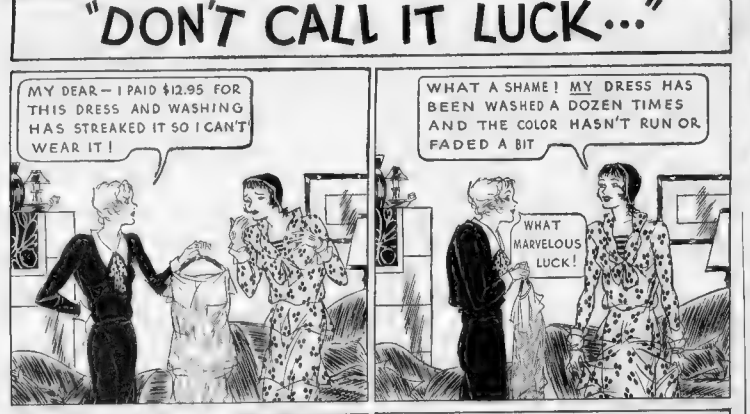
GIVES WOMEN A FREEDOM UNKNOWN BEFORE

VELDOWN COMPANY, INC., 210 East 42nd Street, New York City. *One of the Divisions of the International Paper and Power Company.*

"Love," Don Carlos Said Softly, Kissing Adora. "Is a victory over self. It does not mean passion alone. It conquers even while it surrenders."

"DON'T CALL IT LUCK..."


MY DEAR — I PAID $12.95 FOR THIS DRESS AND WASHING HAS STREAKED IT SO I CAN'T WEAR IT!
WHAT A SHAME! MY DRESS HAS BEEN WASHED A DOZEN TIMES AND THE COLOR HASN'T RUN OR FADED A BIT
WHAT MARVELOUS LUCK!

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I ALWAYS WONDERED WHY YOUR CLOTHES STAYED NEW SO MUCH LONGER THAN MINE
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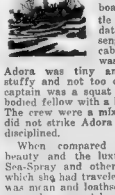
Take a few of the satin Lux diamonds in one hand—any ordinary flakes or chips in the other. Even with the naked eye you can see how much finer Lux is.

The coarser, ordinary flakes too often roughen fibers and steal away some of the color. Lux is as safe for colors and tender fibers as plain water alone.

and he knows whom he can trust. He is about to disclose himself and unmask their villainy. Desperate, Conchita and Luiz lure Adora aboard a steamer bound for the mainland determined that she shall not have Carlos.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Deceived Again.



THE vessel, which was called the Castilian, did not impress Adora at all. It was a weather-beaten cargo-boat, with little accommodation for passengers. The cabin which was given to Adora was tiny and horribly stuffy and not too clean. The captain was a squat and heavy-bodied fellow with a brutal face. The crew were a mixed lot, and did not strike Adora as too well disciplined.

When compared with the beauty and the luxury of the Sea-Spray and other vessels in which she had traveled, this boat was mean and loathsome. However, she was—Adora decided—the only alternative to a longer stay in Saranos, vivid in its wreckage -her widowed love.

From the deck of the Castilian that late afternoon she gazed at Saranos, where—so far as she was aware—Carlos was buried; and the tears came into her eyes. There came to her as well a strange feeling, a sense of foreboding, as though she were taking some false step! The more she looked at Saranos the more she felt that she was wrong in leaving the place. It seemed to her that, in doing so, she was losing the better part of herself.

The sensation became so pronounced in her that she grew alarmed, inclined to panic, even so much as to feel like leaping over the taffrail into the sea and swimming ashore, if there were no other way of returning. And then she controlled herself, feeling herself to be foolish. She went into her cabin and occupied herself writing to Father Ignatius. Luiz having promised—with no intention of fulfilling his word—to have the letter sent ashore.

But, before she had done more than pen a line or two of this, her cabin door was opened furtively and someone entered in the growing dusk, shutting the door behind him. Thinking it must be Conchita, Adora turned, to discover the grimed figure of a man, at whom she gazed in growing surprise, his face suddenly familiar to her.

"Why—it is surely Jaime?" she said under her breath, remembering that nephew of da Costa who had tried to befriend her by letting Carlos know her whereabouts when she was in the hands of the inn-keeper, and had been locked up in prison on some excuse to prevent that from happening.

Jaime nodded, making to her a sign suggesting alarm in case he was discovered there; and ordinarily Adora would have resented that fact, but now she remembered his earlier friendliness and concluded he still felt the same towards her.

"What are you doing here, Jaime?" she asked under her breath.

"I saw you come on board," he said softly, "and I am one of the crew. Why are you on board, senorita? Is not all well now with you and Don Carlos?"

"How can you ask that?" whispered Adora. "But perhaps you do not know that Don Carlos is dead?"

"That I do not!" he answered, looking at her in surprise. "That, senorita, I certainly do not."

"He is. Father Ignatius told me so. He was buried under a house near the church while he was doing rescue work during the earthquake."

"Father Ignatius told you that?" murmured Jaime in still further surprise. "If so, I do not understand such a thing. The father is a priest, and—priests do not lie."

"Lie?" Adora stared in the gloom of dusk at the face of Jaime with its scarred cheek and puzzled eyes. "What do you mean?" she asked, puzzled as himself.

"This," he said. "True it is that Don Carlos was hurt by that falling building. But he was not killed. That I do know. How? I will tell the senorita. I myself helped the father to rescue Don Carlos. I myself helped to carry him to the church, to a crypt under the church. Also, only yesterday before I joined the crew of this boat to work my way to the mainland, I saw Father Ignatius, and he told me that Don Carlos was now almost recovered from the wound he received, and would be about again in a day or two."

"You really mean that?" Adora gasped, incredulous, and yet suddenly realising the man was telling nothing but the truth.

"I swear it!" he answered and crossed himself piously, as he added: "I swear it. The thing is true, and if you did not know it—"

"If I had known it, Jaime, I should never have been here. But —why did Father Ignatius not tell me and—the others the truth?"

"He only can say. But—" Jaime glanced furtively round at the cabin door—"the others—the Senor and Senorita Mendez—they are not your friends. I mistrust them, and I heard Don Luiz talking to the captain in such a way as made me mistrust him still more. That is why I came here secretly, senorita. I think—from what little I overheard—that he must have known the truth. Did he not persuade you to come on board this boat?"

"He and his sister between them—yes!" nodded Adora, now thoroughly frightened. "Do you mean that they—?"

"Have trapped you, senorita. That is what has happened. They discovered Don Carlos to be alive, and remembering how they and my uncle hid you away and made it look as if you were dead, they are afraid and are taking you from him without you knowing it. But now I have told you—"

"You must help me get back ashore, Jaime!" Adora urged frantically, laying little hands appealingly on his arm.

"How?" he muttered. "That is not going to be easy unless one swam ashore. To do that one risks the sharks which are hereabouts in numbers. However—"

At this moment, through the cabin porthole, the voice of Luiz could be heard approaching, calling to Adora. Jaime shrank back into the shadows, urging her towards the door.

"Do you go and meet him, senorita," he whispered. "Lead him from here along the deck, so that I can slip away unseen. I will do whatever can be done..."

Adora went out on to the deck, closing the cabin door behind her. And now Luiz appeared to her in a new light, or rather that old light in which she had feared and hated him. Carlos alive, after all! But—why had Father Ignatius hidden the fact? Adora could not understand it at all. Meantime, trying to appear unperturbed, she moved along the deck to meet Luiz, suddenly aware that the Castilian was no longer at anchor. She was moving slowly through the water.

"We have actually started!" she gasped as she reached Luiz.

"At last, querida mia," he answered. "I thought we should never get under way. And now Saranos will see us no more."

"But—I want to go back there!" Adora said frenziedly.

"Go back, loveliest? But — why?"

Without disclosing the source of her information, and so perhaps losing her one hope of rescue, Adora could not explain her knowledge. She hinted at it, however, in a round-about fashion.

"Something keeps on telling

Continued on Page 21)

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Don't be *short-changed* on vacation

POST'S BRAN FLAKES—a regulator, to balance the modern diet. It gives you bran, with other parts of wheat. Eaten by more people than any other bran cereal. There are now *two* Post's bran cereals, both delicious

WHOLE BRAN is new. Full strength bran for stubborn or chronic cases of constipation due to insufficient bulk in the diet. So effective that 2 tablespoons make an adequate serving for most people. There are now *two* Post's bran cereals, both delicious

It's 9 to 1 you need bran.... get the kind you need

SOON you'll be on vacation. Vacation! to put fresh color in your cheeks, new spring in your step, new flash in your smile—to build up buoyant good health for another year.

But one oversight may "short-change" you—one small neglect may take away some part of the good a vacation brings to you.

Particularly when you are "on the go"—guard against faulty elimination. Strange meals in strange places may not give you the balanced diet, the wholesome bulk which you need to cleanse the system of digestive wastes. It's 9 to 1 you need bran at any time—but on vacation it is even more important.

Nature's food—in delicious form

Obviously not everyone needs more bulk food in the same degree. That's why there are two Post's cereals, each deliciously tempting to eat, each containing bran, but in different measure.

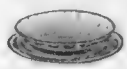
Post's Bran Flakes is a regulator. Bran with other parts of wheat. It supplies the bulk food which most of us need; even those who aren't aware of the fact. Post's Bran Flakes belongs on just about every breakfast table. It is on millions of them. For these dainty toasted amber flakes, so flavory and alluring, are eaten by more families than any other bran food in the world.

Whole Bran is for stubborn or chronic constipation due to insufficient bulk in the diet. It is full strength bran. Just as effective as any full strength bran cereal but a triumph of taste. You will want to eat these crisp, crunchy little shreds with milk or cream, or sprinkled over fruit or berries. Two tablespoons make an effective serving. An irresistible way to serve Whole Bran is in muffins—puffy, golden morsels that melt in the mouth. The new recipe is on the package.

Remember these two names, "POST'S BRAN FLAKES" and "WHOLE BRAN." In hotels, on trains or boats, at camps, you can get each in a convenient individual package—just the same as you can order each from your grocer for use in the home.

Constipation, due to insufficient bulk in the diet, should yield to one of these cereals. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice

SEND BOX TOPS FOR GLASS CEREAL SET



This charming green glass set consists of bowl and saucer for cereal and many other uses. They were first offered by us through grocers in certain parts of the country, but so many women expressed a desire to build up complete collections of these dainty dishes that we decided to make the offer general.

Just save the tops of the boxes containing *Whole Bran* and *Post's Bran Flakes* (either or both) and send them with a few cents as stated in the coupon below. You will soon have enough of these cereal sets for the whole family. And they make delightful gifts.

The coupon is for your convenience but it is not necessary to use it in ordering the dishes.

FILL IN COMPLETELY—PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS

BG. AW—7-17-31

Check one of the two below
Send me—

☐ 1 Cereal Set, for which I enclose 2 Box Tops and 20 cents.
☐ 3 Cereal Sets, for which I enclose 3 Box Tops and 50 cents.

Name_____

Street and Number_____

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Mail to POSTUM COMPANY, INC., Battle Creek, Michigan

If you have not tried *Whole Bran* and *Post's Bran Flakes*, we will be glad to send you free samples, also copies of informative booklets. Please check in spaces below.

BG AW—7-17-31

Send me—

☐ Free sample of *Whole Bran* and *Post's Bran Flakes*
☐ Booklet entitled "Overcoming Constipation"
☐ Booklet entitled "Bran for Beauty."
☐ Booklet entitled "The Art of Reducing."
☐ Booklet entitled "Gaining Weight."

Mail to POSTUM COMPANY, INC., Battle Creek, Michigan

two delicious laxative foods

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

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Fear Of Fear

By Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements

Chanda Does Everything for Otto—Is His Nurse, His Secretary, and Even Assists Him in His Laboratory.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

NORAH FALLON, beautiful musical comedy and picture star, is being blackmailed by Harlan Grant, a fashionable medium and astrological adviser on business, horoscopes and love affairs of Hollywood celebrities. Grant who is in love with Norah, threatens to reveal certain details of his past which have come into his possession to try to separate her from her fiancé, Dick Stoddard, a wealthy scientist.

Norah is consulting Jimmy Lane, author and amateur criminologist and his friend Phil Carter, a lawyer about her troubles with Grant when they receive a call that the medium has been discovered dead in his séance room. Lane is called in as an expression of doubt.

Lane and Carter learn from Corrigan, a reporter, that the police believe Grant was murdered by a blow on the back of the head and are looking for Dick Stoddard who was heard quarreling with the medium and is the last person known to have been with him.

They interview Colonel Grant, the medium's brother who tells them that Grant's mother herself a famous medium, died of apoplexy after having materialized in an expression of horror although her followers believed she was murdered by the spirits she invoked. Harlan however contended that what killed her was the fear of her own powers. He went to India with his bride and became a student of the occult. When the couple's wife died they came to Hollywood where his daughter, Chanda, married a German chemist, Steeb. Steeb the latter is bought adjoining houses on Russian Hill and later joined by Dr. Herbert Waverly an old friend from India, who purchased the third house on the Hill.

Captain Hemming, Chief of the Detective Bureau learns from the Colonel that he and Singh, Harlan's Indian servant called the police to all to meet and when he did not answer forced the door. It was locked from the inside. There was no other means of entering the room.

As the body has been embalmed it is impossible to determine if poison was present.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant via boat to San Pedro and motor to their home arrive at from seven-fifteen until ten o'clock Monday night and they part at once, the people with whom Grant was the last to speak. Norah Fallon that they came to an agreement he left and that he heard Grant shoot the bolt in the door as he went downstairs.

Both Colonel Grant and Stoddard agree that Grant seemed nervous one word of good something and that there was an odor of gas noticeable in the room.

Norah Fallon and the Colonel have both got the phrase "fear of fear" from Grant. In Norah's case it was overheard on a conversation, in the Colonel's it was spoken by Grant himself.

The situation looks bad for Stoddard. The police believe he is guilty of the murder but are holding off from an arrest until they can get a line on Stoddard's movements. Norah and Colonel Grant are worried about Stoddard. The police believe he is guilty of the murder but are holding off from an arrest until they can get a line on Stoddard's movements. Norah and Colonel Grant are worried about Stoddard.

Captain Hemming questions Dr. Waverly whose dead wife's spirit Grant often brought back. The Doctor believes the medium was genuine, as his wife's spirit repeated intimate details of their life together.

"Do you think she's all there . . . mentally, I mean?"

The Doctor chuckled. "I don't believe there anything actually wrong with her although she's more or less unbalanced and apt to go to extremes. She was pretty much of a nuisance to Harlan, sentimental and all that. I used to use every pretext for hanging around him. He was constantly trying to get rid of her."

"Oh he was, was he?" I saw that the Chief was interested, but before he could ask anything more the door opened and McCarthy ushered the Lady Elfrieda into the room.

The Lady Elfrieda; it was Jimmy, with his fatal propensity for nicknames, that had bestowed the title and, because of its absolute incongruity, it was adopted by us all. She was a dumpy little woman with [illegible] uncertainly between [illegible] ple; she smiled perpetually and her voice babbled along in a ceaseless monologue, not quite normal in its incoherence. To hear her talk, everything was "sweet" and "lovely" in this best of all possible worlds, but there was a strained look about her eyes which belied her words.

Not quite all on the surface, the Lady Elfrieda, I decided, and difficult to handle. That the Chief

(Continued on Page 18)

CHAPTER XI.

"The Lady Elfrieda."

"YOU knew Colonel Grant in India, too, I presume?" Captain Hemming asked, continuing his interrogation of Dr. Waverly.

"No; I never saw the Colonel in India," the Doctor answered. "He and Harlan were at odds for a good many years. Didn't make it up until just before they came to this country."

"Do you know what they quarreled about?"

"It had something to do with the Colonel's marriage. His wife was a foreigner, and Harlan objected to her. Both he and the Colonel had quick tempers and they quarreled violently. Even after Mrs. Grant died they remained at odds until Chanda grew up and reconciled them."

"Is Mrs. Steeb the Colonel's only child?"

"Yes; she was born in Chanda . . . a place in the center of India. Her mother died when she was a baby and she was brought up in a mission-school—which accounts for her little oddities."

"She's odd is she?" inquired the Chief keenly, and the Doctor hastened to explain.

"I've probably used the wrong word. It's just that she's different from most of the young women of today."

"What's her husband like?" Jimmy asked.

"Steeb's rather a difficult chap. He's a cripple . . . from infantile paralysis in his youth. It's made him abnormally sensitive and given him a horror of meeting people. He keeps himself shut away for the most part, on the third floor, in his laboratory."

"Just what is his line?"

"Research chemistry. He's been working on a new developing fluid for a company which manufactures motion picture film. He thinks he's hit on a formula that will save an immense amount of money. I hope he's right, because, so far, his work hasn't paid well, and they've had to live off the Colonel, which is difficult for Chanda."

"How on earth did a girl like that happen to marry such a fellow?" I asked. "It seems incredible."

"Not if you knew Chanda. She's the kindest person in the world . . . always bringing home starving dogs and cats to feed and care for. Otto was down and out, and she married him in exactly the same spirit as she'd pick up a maimed animal.

"Chanda does everything for Otto—is his nurse, his secretary, and even assists him in his laboratory. Whatever work he accomplishes will be largely due to her. Not that he appreciates the fact. His physical condition has made him egotistical and he's so insufferably conceited that he's almost impossible to live with."

"The Colonel must adore his son-in-law," Jimmy said ironically.

The Doctor smiled. "Well, hardly; they fought like cat and dog the first year, and my friend Harlan sided with his brother. There used to be some pretty fierce encounters among the three of them, but lately they've been more friendly. Harlan confided to me one night that he'd begun to have a great respect for Steeb, really thought he was going to amount to something. I gathered that he and the Colonel contemplated backing him in his researches."

The Chief sighed with disappointment. "I was hoping, from what you first said, that he might have quarreled with Grant and been the one who polished him off."

"They might easily have quarreled," agreed the Doctor, "but I'm afraid you'll have to cross him off your list. To my certain knowledge, he has never been in Grant's study. His crippled condition makes it almost impossible for him to get about."

"Who else is living in the two houses?" the Chief asked.

"Only the servants—Singh and Lalah, his wife. Singh was with Harlan for over twenty years, and, during the time we were stationed in the same district, Lalah used to act as my wife's maid. Now she helps Chanda Steeb around the house. Singh's work was mostly with Grant in his researches, and handling the people who came to the house. He's really a brainy chap and from good people . . . had a year or two at Oxford when he was young. He was more of a secretary than a servant."

"Have you any reason to believe—" The Chief was beginning when the door opened and McCarthy came in apologetically.

"Sorry to bother you, Captain, but that Chapman nut insists on seeing you. Swears it's important."

The Chief sighed. "All right, send her in." And as Dr. Waverly started to rise, he shook his head. "Wait a minute, do you know this Chapman woman?"

"Only as I have met her at the Grant's. She was originally one of Chanda's friends. They were both interested in the question of international peace, I believe, and got acquainted in that way. Later Mrs. Chapman became one of Harlan's devotees."

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"I am over 40 years old!"

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"It is easy to be lovely at sixteen, but to be still lovelier at forty . . . well, that is easy, too, if a woman is wise! Actresses rarely look their age, you notice. Like me, they guard their complexions with Lux Toilet Soap.

"It is a marvel, that soap. For years I have been faithful to it—and my skin is so soft, so smooth. A woman's age is not the measure of her charm—oh, no."

How 9 out of 10 screen stars guard complexion beauty

Nazimova is only one of countless perpetually youthful stage and screen stars who use Lux Toilet Soap to guard complexion beauty.

Of the 613 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, actually 605 use this fragrant white soap regularly. Surely *your* skin should have this gentle, luxurious care!

NAZIMOVA. Who would guess, looking at this recent photograph, that she is over 40! More fascinating than ever she seems, this star who won early stage fame in *The Doll's House*, became a favorite of the screen in such hits as *Salome*, and returned to the stage recently in *The Cherry Orchard*.

Lux Toilet Soap—10¢

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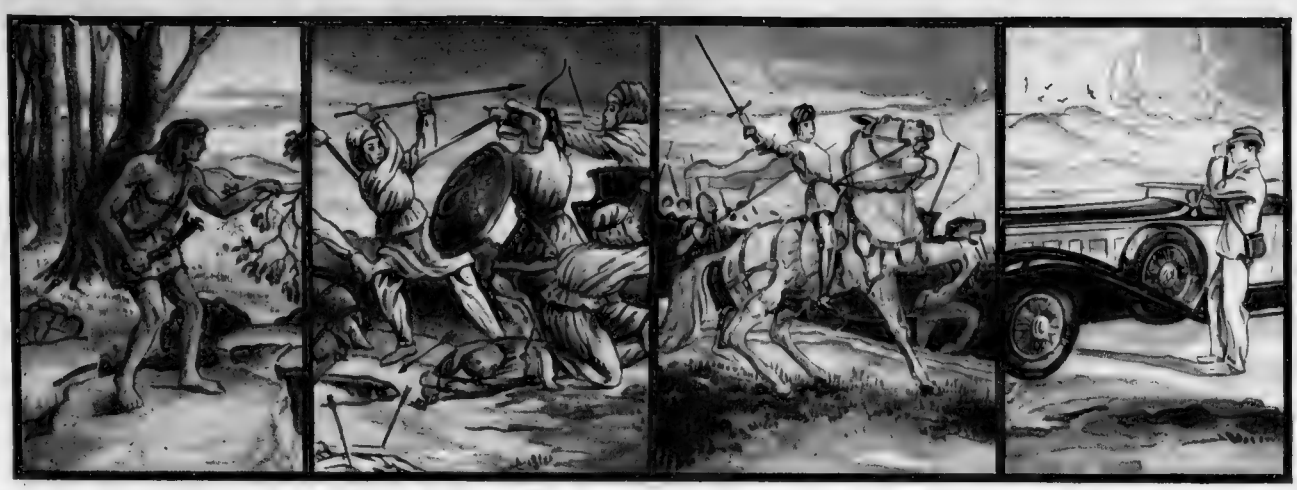

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The long, long struggle for personal power that ends with us at the wheel of our automobile.

"I've bought me a car," we say, quite casually. "I've bought me an automobile." And it never seems to enter our minds that at last we have acquired the substance of all the longing of all mankind since this first poor, shivering wretch hopped about in the tall grass, shuddering at shadows, so very long ago.

"I've bought me an automobile."

And what we are saying is, "I have acquired the highest form of personal power that has thus far been known to man."

* * * * *

Throughout the greater part of this long, long past you in your automobile might have ruled the world.

If you had been in early Persia, you might have led the vast army that invaded Greece, and there probably would have been no battle of Thermopylae. The Spartans would have fallen down before you in awe and fear.

If you had driven up to the Palatine Hill in almost any period of the Roman Empire, you probably would have been made Emperor of Rome.

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You in your automobile have a personal power within yourself greater than any of these rulers of men ever dreamed of throughout the long, long past.

We must have sensed this thing from the start. We must have known that this was the thing the world had been striving for through all the centuries. Nothing else could account for the production of over forty million automobiles in a little over thirty years.

"I've bought me an automobile," we say in our colloquial way. Millions of others have said the same. And what we are really saying is, "I have acquired the highest sense of personal power that has thus far been known to man. And in my automobile my age-old desire for personal power has been satisfied."

GENERAL MOTORS

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Fear Of Fear

By Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements

McCarthy Picked Up His Notebook and Moved Toward Chanda, a Slight Deference Showing Through His Brusqueness.

(Continued from Page 16)

and McCarthy shared my opinion, I was sure, but Jimmy seemed entranced by the woman. He hung upon her words as though they were precious pearls, encouraging her when the flood of her speech seemed to lessen. Not that she needed encouragement. She was talking steadily when she entered the room, emphasizing every fourth or fifth word irrespective of syntax, and she practically never stopped during the ensuing half hour.

"Oh, Captain, I've been trying and trying to see you, but they simply wouldn't let me in—although I explained just how important it was—oh, I didn't know you had other people with you! How do you do, Dr. Waverly? And this is Mr. Lane, isn't it? They pointed you out at the inquest. I've read practically every word you've written and seen all your plays, Mr. Lane, and I'd dearly love to talk with you some day about some perfectly splendid ideas . . . I've always felt sure I could write if only I had someone to put things down for me. I have such lovely thoughts to give the world."

The Chief coughed "No doubt . . . no doubt," he said, "but we haven't time to listen to them now, Mrs. Chapman. I'm extremely busy today."

The Lady Elfrieda abruptly switched her attention to him. "You really oughtn't to allow your psyche to be thrown out of tune by adverse vibrations, Captain," she said. "Oh, don't try to deny it, I can see that it is! You should cultivate a serene soul. Three minutes every hour of silent affirmation would do it, only three minutes out of each hour."

The Chief's psyche went even more violently out of tune. "Is that what you came in to tell me?" he roared.

"Oh, dear me, no! I came in to ask you not to bother that nice Mr. Stoddard because of anything I said. If I'd known you were going to take it in such an unpleasant way I'd never have said anything about his quarrel with Mr. Grant."

"You don't think he did it, eh?" The chief was watching her keenly, and she shook her head.

"I'm sure he didn't. And I'm sure I know who did. Mr. Grant as good as told me the night he was killed."

"He did?" This was news with a vengeance; we all followed the Chief's lead and sat forward eagerly as she rambled on.

"Yes; he always liked to have me stay after the others had gone, but that night he seemed fearfully upset. I thought at first it was because he hadn't been able to get my son."

"Your son?" The Chief was bewildered.

"Yes. Ronald is what the unenlightened call 'dead,' although, to me, he's just vibrating upon another plane. Mr. Grant frequently got me into communication with him."

"You mean you actually saw him?" I blurted out.

"Oh, no. Ronald has passed over too recently to be able to get back to the earth plane, but twice we obtained materializations of my husband."

"I can testify to that," said Dr. Waverly. "I was present."

"This is all beside the point," snapped the Chief. "I want to know why you think Grant foresaw his own death."

"Oh, not his death, Captain!" the Lady Elfrieda protested "It was just that he seemed to feel there were unfriendly forces around him. I'd been reading a great many reports on psychical researches in France, and Mr. Grant asked about them. He seemed particularly interested in the question of malignant spirits."

"And what are 'malignant spirits'?"

"Spirits that are not in harmony with the other world. Sometimes a soul fails to vibrate properly in the next plane. Then it may come back and do real harm upon this side. There are authentic cases of such spirits murdering people."

The Chief stared for a moment, then exploded "You're trying to tell me Grant was killed by a spook with a grudge?"

"We don't call them spooks," said the Lady Elfrieda with dignity. "We call them 'spirit entities'."

"Call them what you like," the Chief snapped, "so long as you don't do it around me. I've no time for such nonsense."

"Just a minute, Captain," Jimmy Lane interrupted, "I want to ask a question. Have you any idea who this 'malignant spirit' was, Mrs. Chapman?"

The Lady Elfrieda promptly transferred her affections to him. "I most certainly have. I think it was Amos Harcastle."

"Amos Harcastle? And who is or, I mean, who was he?"

"He was Mr Grant's control Every medium has a control, a spirit who helps with the seances. Mr. Harcastle was a man who once owned those three houses on the hill. He died in the seance room."

"What?" The Chief's attention was attracted now, and the Lady Elfrieda's voice deepened with conscious importance.

"Yes; he died in the seance room . . . only it was a long time ago. Mr. Harcastle bought the three houses for himself and his two married daughters. He was a philologist and used that big room for his study. He was in there when he died."

"What did he die of?" I am sure at least three of us asked that question at once, and it was Dr. Waverly who answered.

"Nothing mysterious," he assured us. "The man was over eighty and he died of a heart attack. His daughter was in the next house and ran into the room in time to be with him when he died. Harlan once told me that was one reason for his buying the house. He had a theory that it was easier to connect with the spirit plane in a room where someone had died. Mr. Harcastle came back frequently and acted as his control."

"You actually saw him?"

"Oh, yes, several times—vaguely, and once with great distinctness. He was an old chap with a long white beard."

"—and a skull cap," the Lady Elfrieda finished for him. "I'm sure it was he who murdered Mr. Grant."

"Why do you think he wanted to murder him?" Jimmy asked before the Chief could explode.

"Because he was jealous of Mr. Grant for still being on the earth plane."

"Did Grant say anything about Harcastle Monday night?"

"No; but, as I told you, he asked me what I'd read about malignant spirits. Before we finished Singh came up with word that Mr. Stoddard was waiting. So I went home."

"Without anything more being said?"

"Yes; except—he did ask me one very strange question. He asked if I thought women ever forgave an injury, or if they went right on hating the man who had hurt them."

(Continued on Page 19)

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Send 10¢ for the generous trial bottle with easy directions for hair-waving at home. You'll be amazed! It's so easy and quick . . . gives so supple. With the 10¢ trial bottle we will send you *free* a sample of the new Wildroot Liquid Cleansing Cream for face and hands.

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"Reach for a LUCKY instead"

When you visit your physician for your periodic health examination, one of the very first things he asks you to do is to open your mouth wide, and to say "Ah." He is examining the delicate lining of your throat. "Ah!" There is not a man or woman who could even make this simple sound, if in the throat there were no Adam's Apple. For your Adam's Apple is your larynx—the voice box containing your vocal chords. And what a delicate piece of Nature's handiwork the Adam's Apple is. A slight cold—even a tiny particle lodged in the throat—and our voice often grows husky. In acute cases, we may even lose our voice for several days. Don't rasp your throat with harsh irritants—Reach for a LUCKY instead—remember, LUCKY STRIKE is the only cigarette in America that through its exclusive "TOASTING" process expels certain harsh irritants present in all raw tobaccos. These expelled irritants are sold to manufacturers of chemical compounds. They are not present in your LUCKY STRIKE. No wonder 20,679 American physicians have stated LUCKIES to be less irritating. LUCKIES are always kind to your throat. And so we say "Consider your Adam's Apple."

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TUNE IN—The Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening over N. B. C. networks.

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Fear Of Fear

By Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements

(Continued from Page 18)

Jimmy turned quickly to Dr. Waverly. "Did you ever know of Grant's having trouble over a woman?"

The Doctor shook his head. "Never. Of course he met a great many women in his work and he may have had friendships I knew nothing about, but I always supposed his relations with them were strictly of a business nature."

The Lady Elfrieda seemed about to speak, then changed her mind and there was a short silence, broken by the Chief.

"I can't see that anything you've brought us is important, Mrs. Chapman, except, possibly, the fact that Grant was worried about some woman. I'll have that lead followed up." He rose in polite dismissal and the woman began gathering up an assortment of gloves, fur neckpiece, embroidered handbag, and pamphlets which she had dropped on the desk. These last she held out to the Chief.

"I brought them for you to study, Captain. They will show you how to tranquilize your vibrations, and tune them with the infinite."

Captain Hemming snorted and drew back as though they were red hot.

"Thanks," he growled. "I'll be too busy for the next few days to do any reading."

"I won't." Jimmy Lane took the pamphlets from her hand. "If you don't mind, I'd like to look them over, Mrs. Chapman."

The Lady Elfrieda burbled happily. "If you're interested, Mr. Lane, I should simply love to have you come up to my house on Sunday afternoon. A little group of seekers meets there for tea. You, too, Captain... we'd be delighted to see you at any time, or any other friend Mr. Lane would care to bring."

The Chief made no direct reply. He had already disgustedly punched a bell, and an officer was at the door. "You may show this lady out," he said.

The man took the Lady Elfrieda's arm and steered her toward the door; on the threshold she paused. "It's been perfectly delightful to meet you," she declared chattily. "I can't tell you how I have enjoyed our little talk. I do hope we'll all meet again when we can have a real visit."

A moment later she was gone, and the Chief sank into his chair, mopping his brow.

"Now that," he said, "is what I consider a good half hour wasted."

Jimmy Lane was glancing through the pamphlets. "I don't agree with you, Captain. It may sound mad, but I've a feeling that somewhere in what we've just heard there's a key to Grant's murder. If only," he shook his head gloomily, "if only we were clairvoyant, and could see where it lies."

It was a full hour before we got away from headquarters. In the interval the Chief had rapidly disposed of six or eight witnesses, none of whom had anything new to offer.

Stoddard and Norah came first. They were looking much more cheerful than when we had last seen them, and Norah gave me the reason, sotto voce. "The Chief's been simply adorable. He's really a perfect old lamb."

Captain Hemming tried to pretend that he hadn't heard, but when he spoke I swear his voice was faintly reminiscent of the Lady Elfrieda's dulcet tones.

"Sorry to trouble you again, Miss Fallon, but there are still a few things we need for our records. Nothing that need worry you, of course."

"I'm not worried," Norah smiled up at him. "I'll be glad to tell you anything I can."

"Then suppose we get the question of time straight. We're checking everyone who was in the Grant house on Monday night. Will you start at eight and give us your program through midnight?"

"I had dinner at my hotel at eight——" Norah began, and as she talked I jotted down notes. To save time and space I shall give them here, along with those for Stoddard:

Norah:
8 to 9 P. M.—Dining at hotel.
9 to 9:30—Visiting Grant.
9:30 to 11—At a movie.
11 to 11:30—In sweet shop.
11:30—through night. In bed at hotel.

Stoddard:
9 to 9:30—Arrives at S. F. aerodrome.
9:30 to 10—In car on way to hotel.
10 to 11—At hotel. Phones Norah and does not get her. Phones Grant and makes appointment.
11:15—Arrives at Grant's. Meets Lady Elfrieda on stairs.
11:15 to 12—Talking with Grant.
12 to 12:30—On way to aerodrome in taxi.
12:30—Leaves for Los Angeles in plane.

After jotting down these facts the Chief asked a few more general questions and was about to dismiss the two when Jimmy demurred.

"Just a minute, there's something I want to ask." And to Norah, "Do you know of any woman who had a grudge against Grant? Anyone to whom he'd done some injury?"

She looked surprised. "Why, no. He always had a lot of wild-eyed females around him. I used to see them coming and going to his seances, but they all seemed to adore him. Hold on, I do remember, I heard him quarreling with one of them."

"When was that?"

"Some time last week. I went up there quite late, after one of his seances. There was a woman with him and she was acting absolutely crazy. I could hear her halfway down stairs."

"Could you make out what she said?"

"No, except that she was jealous of the other women at the seance. She gave me a perfectly poisonous look when I came in. She was a funny, dumpy little thing with dyed hair."

"The Lady Elfrieda!" Jimmy exclaimed, and turned to Stoddard. "You told us you met her the night of the murder. Did it strike you that she had been quarreling with Grant?"

Jimmy Hung Upon the Lady Elfrieda's Words as Though They Were Precious Pearls, Encouraging Her When the Flood of Her Speech Seemed to Lessen.

"No, but I wouldn't have known it if she had. All I saw was a woman hurrying past me down the stairs."

"Did Grant look upset when you reached the room?"

"I'm afraid I was too upset myself to notice."

The Chief was impatient. "I wish you wouldn't waste time over trifles, Lane. I've still got a lot of people to see."

"Very well," Jimmy subsided.

Stoddard left with Norah, and was succeeded by a group of Grant's followers who were at the seance on the night of his death. Most of them belonged to what Jimmy calls the "scrambled brains" type, and their talk was reminiscent of the Lady Elfrieda, who was, apparently, High Priestess of the Grant cult. Her theory about Grant's having been murdered by a bad tempered ghost seemed to have been accepted with weird variations by them all, and thirty minutes of their babbling reduced the Chief to a condition which bordered upon apoplexy. When Jimmy showed a disposition to question them about Grant's dealings with the unseen world, he simply blew up.

"Clear out the whole lot," he roared to his assistant. "I've had my fill of ghosts. I'm going to chuck the case until McCarthy gets back from Russian Hill."

"Russian Hill?" Jimmy pricked up his ears. "What's he doing there?"

"Examining the Grant family. We want to know exactly where everyone was at midnight on Monday."

Jimmy rose quickly. "In that case I'll beat it up to the hill. If I know McCarthy, he'll have the whole family in fits by now."

"All right," the Chief agreed, not too enthusiastically, "only don't interfere. Mac's a good man even if he is a bit heavy."

"Heavy?" Jimmy groaned. "He's positively elephantine. Every time he finds a poor little clew he sits on it as though it were an egg and he hoped to hatch out a solution... and all he manages to do is squash it flat! You should have picked out someone with subtlety and imagination for this case."

"You've got enough for us all," the Chief growled. "The way you wallow around among spooks and banshees anyone'd think you're intending to set up in Grant's place."

"Maybe I am," said Jimmy sweetly. "Anybody you want me to call back for you from the spirit plane?"

"Not unless you can get Grant to tell us who bumped him off."

Jimmy picked up the Lady Elfrieda's pamphlets and moved lazily toward the door, but on the threshold he paused. "After two hours of observing your methods, Captain dear, I should say that's the only way you'll ever find out."

CHAPTER XII.

The Grant Household.

THE Doctor had accepted Jimmy Lane's invitation to ride back to Russian Hill in his car, and five minutes later we were moving through the traffic on Market Street, bound for the Grant place. Waverly looked utterly exhausted. As he sank back on the cushions of the limousine he sighed deeply and closed his eyes.

"The excitement of the last two days has been too much for me," he explained apologetically. "I'm rather a quiet chap and the only company I normally keep is that of my microbes."

"I should think the germs of an Oriental disease would be exciting enough for anyone," I remarked.

"I suppose it does seem so, but I'm used to them and my work is largely routine observation and the writing of notes."

"It's rather a dangerous type of research. How did you happen to select it?"

"It selected me," the Doctor said gravely. "My wife died of an obscure form of cholera and I have been dedicating myself to the work ever since. I shall probably never achieve anything of real value, but my notes may be helpful to younger men."

He closed his eyes once more and I saw that he was too thoroughly exhausted to talk. Jimmy, too, seemed to have little desire for conversation, and there was complete silence until the car reached the stopping place near the summit of Russian Hill. The chauffeur drew up to the curb and we started up the steep way on foot. It was late and the world was drifting slowly into twilight. A fog was beginning to creep up from the bay and the low, persistent moan of the foghorn in the distance was sounding through the mist like the sad plaint of a lost soul.

Jimmy shivered slightly. "My word, that's a creepy sound. It gives you a nasty feeling that something unpleasant is in the offing, doesn't it?"

It did, but I forebore to say so, and we climbed the steps to the Colonel's house in gloomy silence. Before we reached the porch we could hear a man's voice from inside, raised in a continuous tirade. At our first touch on the bell the door swung open and we saw the Colonel standing in the entrance hall; his face was mottled red, his eyes bloodshot.

"Ah, Lane. Thank heaven, it's you! There's a fellow here from headquarters who's been deucedly impertinent. I hope you'll send him about his business."

Jimmy grinned. "Afraid I can't hurl him out, Colonel, but I may be able to tone him down. Where's he operating?"

"In the living-room." The Colonel led us across the hall to the doorway beyond. Through the wide arch the room was plainly visible and it was here that I first saw Otto Steeb.

He was sitting in a wheel chair at the far side of the room and, at first glance I should have said he was a handsome man, with broad shoulders and a large, well-shaped head; but as I studied him more closely I saw that his legs were wretchedly disproportionate, scarcely larger than those of a ten-year-old child. His arms were abnormally long and thin, and his hands, slim, flexible, stained with chemicals, seemed perpetually in motion. His face, when viewed in profile, was singularly regular in outline, but there was something malignant in the chill blue eyes with their sparse fair lashes; and the lips, full of sensuousness, had a sardonic twist which was vaguely disquieting. This was a mere fleeting impression, I am bound to admit, and probably an unfair one, for the memory of our first meeting is, doubtlessly, colored by the character of the man as I knew him later. The Colonel performed the introductions a trifle curtly, I thought, and Steeb allowed his hard blue eyes to pass from one to the other of us without any attempt at greeting other than a slight nod, then he turned to the Doctor at the door.

"I'm glad you've got here, Waverly," he said. "I wish you'd convince this fool," he jerked his head toward McCarthy, "that I've never been up in that room of Harlan's." His voice was low and guttural, with an occasional hissing sibilant which slurred the words between breaths. "Make him to understand that I could not possibly have climbed those stairs. He has got it into his stupid head that I had something to do with this murder."

"Nothing of the sort," McCarthy protested, "nothing of the sort." He turned to us for sympathy. "I'm only asking him a few questions, you understand. Just like I intend to ask all of the family, and he turns mad on me. Bellows like a bull. If he keeps on I will think he had something to do with it, you bet!"

The Doctor came forward and assumed the role of peacemaker. From his gentle, pleasing manner I suspected that this was not the first time he had oiled troubled waters in the Grant family.

"Nonsense, Otto," he said "There's no use your getting excited." And to McCarthy, "I can assure you, Sergeant, that it would be impossible for Mr. Steeb to climb the stairs next door without help."

McCarthy grunted. "All right, all right. I was just trying to get the position of everybody the night of the murder. Mind telling me where you were, Mr. Steeb?"

"Most certainly not. I had dinner on a tray in my laboratory at the top of this house. Later Dr. Waverly came up with Mrs. Steeb and the three of us talked for a short time. After that Mrs. Steeb and I put in several hours work on my notes. At about eleven I went down to the second floor to bed."

"Thanks." McCarthy wrote for a moment in his notebook. "That's all I want of you just now. I'd like to ask Singh a few questions."

As he spoke he glanced across the room toward a shadowy corner, and, for the first time, I realized that the East Indian was in the room. He had discarded his long robes and was in a houseboy's suit of white drill, but he retained his quiet air of dignity as he stood in front of the detective. McCarthy regarded him keenly

(Continued on Page 20)

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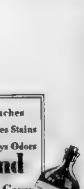

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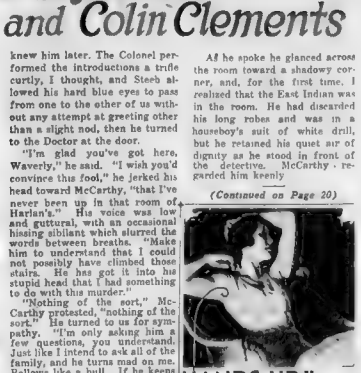

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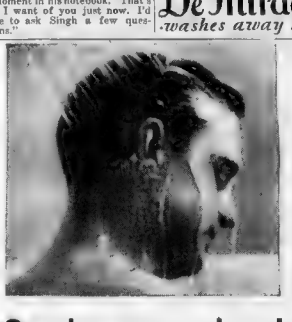

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Fear Of Fear

(Continued from Page 19)

By Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements

"You told a pretty straight story at the inquest this morning," he said, "but there's a few more things I want to ask you."

"Yes, sar."

"You testified that you didn't see Grant again after you took Stoddard up to his room at eleven-fifteen. What did you do immediately after that?"

"The master said he did not need me and I went for a walk."

"What time did you get back?"

"About twelve-thirty, sar."

"Did you go into the lower house at all on your return?"

"No, sar. I sleep here in the house of Colonel Grant, and I came straight home to bed."

"Did you see anyone who could verify that statement?"

"Yes, sar, my wife."

"And, of course, if you're lying she'll back you up."

"Yes, sar." Singh's voice was flat and metallic, utterly devoid of humor. "But I am not lying. It is as I have told you. After I left him with Mr. Stoddard I never saw Mr. Grant alive again."

"Very well," McCarthy was about to dismiss him when Jimmy spoke

"Just a minute, Singh." The East Indian obediently faced him and he asked: "About the lady who was with Mr. Grant when Mr. Stoddard arrived — you remember?"

"Yes, sar. You mean Mrs. Chapman. She went out as I took Mr. Stoddard upstairs."

"You actually saw her leave?" Jimmy's voice was eager, and Singh started to reply, then hesitated in thought.

"No," he said slowly, "she passed us on the stairs, but I did not see her leave."

"Did you pass her on the first or second flight?"

"On the flight between the second floor and the seance room."

"How long were you in the room with Grant and Mr. Stoddard?"

"Perhaps two, perhaps three minutes."

The Chief Was Testing the Hardened Paint With His Knife. "The drops are old," He Said. "That mirror must have been there for a long time, because the stuff's badly oxidized."

"And after that you came straight down and went out?"

"It is as you have said, sar."

Jimmy leaned forward and spoke eagerly. "Then Mrs. Chapman might have remained in the house without your knowledge . . . in one of those rooms on the second floor?"

"Yes, sar, it is possible."

"Say," McCarthy broke in, "what are you trying to get at?"

"Nothing." Jimmy smiled quietly to himself "Just a vague idea." And to Singh: "Thank you, that's all."

As the East Indian retired noiselessly into the shadows the Colonel spoke. "Is it necessary for this farce to go on any longer?" he demanded. "You can see you're getting nowhere."

The Sergeant shook his head doggedly. "I'm not going to leave till I've got that information. I'll take you next, Colonel."

"Oh, very well, very well." The Colonel was evidently making a violent effort to control himself. "Where do you want me to begin?"

"Start at dinner, same as Mr. Steeb. Where did you eat?"

"In the dining-room, of course. And, afterward, I went over to my brother's study for a little talk with him."

"What did you talk about?"

"Business mainly. Harlan left all his affairs in my hands, and we discussed the advisability of selling some bonds in order to raise money for a new invention we were contemplating."

"What time did you leave?"

"About nine. Miss Fallon arrived to see my brother, so we postponed our talk until the next day."

"What did you do next?"

"I returned to my house, and read in my room for several hours."

"Did you see anyone during that time?"

"Only my daughter and son-in-law. Somewhere around midnight, I went to bed."

"Is your room on the side near the house next door?"

"Yes; because of the rise in the hill our house is over a floor higher than Harlan's, which brings the wall of my room next to his study. But if you're going to ask if I heard anything, I'll tell you plainly that I didn't. The wall between is very thick and not even a scream could get through."

"All right," McCarthy entered this in his notebook and turned the page. "Now who else is in the family?"

"No one, except my daughter, Mrs. Steeb. Surely you don't intend to annoy her at this time?"

"I don't know that this time is any worse than any other," snapped McCarthy. "Will you ask Mrs. Steeb to come in?"

For a moment I thought the Colonel's temper would break loose again, but before he could reply Steeb spoke to Singh, who left the room. For a moment there was silence, then the door opened and Chanda Steeb appeared. She was dressed as before, in a straight woolen gown with white linen at the throat and wrists. It was a sort of uniform she had adopted, I discovered later. Although its color frequently changed, its general lines were always the same.

"This is my daughter, Mrs. Steeb," the Colonel said. And to Chanda, "The Sergeant would like to ask you a few questions."

She smiled at McCarthy and dropped into a chair. "I shall be glad to tell you anything I can, Sergeant."

McCarthy picked up his notebook and moved toward Chanda, a slight deference showing through his brusqueness. "I'll make it as snappy as I can, Mrs. Steeb. All I want is an idea of what you did on Monday night."

"Monday night?" She paused a moment, her brow wrinkled in thought, then: "To begin with, I had supper here with the family. That must have lasted until about eight. Then I went up to the laboratory with Dr. Waverly and we talked to my husband until somewhere around nine. After he left, I remained working on notes, with Mr. Steeb, until eleven. Then father and I helped him downstairs and he got ready for bed."

"You went to bed at the same time?"

"Not immediately. Sometimes my husband does not sleep and I have to get him a hot drink, so I always read until I am sure he won't need me. That night he seemed restless, so I read until around twelve."

"And you didn't hear anything?" McCarthy was watching her keenly.

"Nothing from the house next door. But I heard Singh come in for the night."

"What time was that?"

"Sometime after I had gone to bed, twenty minutes to half an hour, I should say."

"Which would make it about twelve-thirty." McCarthy wrote the time down, and nodded to Chanda. "That's all I need from you, Mrs. Steeb. Now, Dr. Waverly, just as a matter of form, understand, I'd like to take you."

"Certainly." The Doctor drew out a little card. "I've already jotted my movements down to save you the trouble. I had dinner over here with the family, then, as Mr. Steeb has told you, I went up to the laboratory and talked for half an hour or so up there. Following that, I returned home and began going through some old trunks and letters. That took longer than I expected and I didn't get to bed until around midnight."

"Anyone in the house except yourself?"

"No one. There's a sort of a charwoman tends to it during the day, but she goes home at night. I'm afraid you'll have to take my word for my movements during the evening. I've no way of proving that I wasn't in and out of the house a dozen times."

"No, no," McCarthy protested, "I wasn't meaning that, Doctor." He took the card and slipped it into his notebook. "I guess this takes in everyone except that maid of yours, Mrs. Steeb."

"Lalah?" Chanda stared at him, then gave a little laugh. "Oh, I can answer for Lalah. She was busy in the kitchen during dinner, and was cleaning it up until eight or nine; after that, she sat in my bedroom making over one of my dresses. At about eleven o'clock I sent her to bed."

"You're sure she went there?"

"Absolutely sure. She's extremely shy and never goes out. I know she was in her room when Singh got home because I heard them talking."

"Where do the servants sleep?"

"At the back of the house, just off the kitchen. Their window is directly below mine and I frequently hear the murmur of their voices."

McCarthy made a note or so, then closed his book. "That's all," he said, "unless Mr. Lane has something he wants to ask." He turned to Jimmy who was standing at one side of the room, his eyes fixed with an almost hypnotic gaze upon the Colonel's hands where they gripped his cane. "Anything more you want to know before we go up to the seance room, Mr. Lane?" McCarthy repeated.

"Yes," said Jimmy slowly, "just one little thing I'd like to know how well the Colonel plays golf."

CHAPTER XIII.

Blackmail.

"WHAT made you ask that idiotic question about golf?" We were in Grant's house, climbing the stairs toward the seance room, and McCarthy was out of earshot on the flight ahead. "Did you have something in mind, or were you just trying to get the Colonel's goat?"

"A little of both. There was a bag of golf clubs in the hall and it suggested a wild idea which may not mean anything."

We had reached the top of the stairs where an officer was guarding the door. "The Captain's inside," he said. "He's expecting you, Mr. Lane."

"Good." Jimmy hurried into the room and grinned at Captain Hemming. "I thought you'd decided to lay off the case for a while."

"I thought so, too," growled the Chief, "but it wouldn't let me alone. I knew I'd never be content with a second-hand report so I came up to go over the place again."

"Looking for the secret passage?"

"Something like that. But I'll be hanged if we can find anything." He was standing at the farther end where the mirror had formerly been framed by bookcases. Now the shelves had been pulled from the wall, disclosing an unbroken expanse of plaster. "This is the only wall that could possibly have an entrance," he pointed out, "because the other three are on the outside of the building."

"This is against the house next door, isn't it?" Jimmy asked.

"Yes, but those bookcases haven't been moved for years, judging by the dust and cobwebs, and the wall back of them is as solid as granite."

"How about the mirror?" Jimmy was regarding the huge affair of French gilt that reached from the ceiling to within three feet of the floor. "If you'd read the proper books, Capt'n, you'd know there is always a knob concealed in the frame of the mirror."

"Sure," the Chief agreed with a chuckle. "And when you twist it the glass swings out silently and discloses a hidden staircase. But this one doesn't work that way, see? It's been screwed into the wall with heavy bolts; and I'm dead sure it never did any swinging because the paint that was used to gild the frame has dripped and stuck to the plaster. If it had ever been pulled loose the drops would be broken."

(Continued on Page 22)

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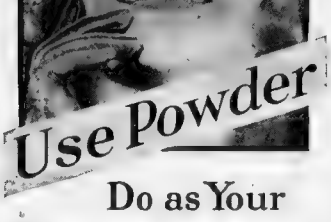

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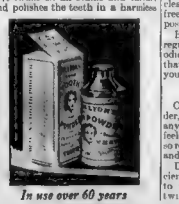

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In *one minute* pain from corns and sore toes is gone—forgotten—when you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. This instant relief is produced by the soothing, healing medication in Zino-pads. They cushion and protect the sore spot, completely removing the cause—shoe pressure.

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Whether it is a single pimple or a pronounced case of acne—a mild rash or a form of eczema—a minor sore or tormenting piles, Resinol Ointment has proved to possess almost startling powers of relief and healing. Sold in all drug stores.

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Think of the girls you know who are *"almost* good-looking." What keeps their skin cloudy, their eyes dull, their brains slow? What spoils their fun? Just this: They neglect *internal cleanliness!* It shows in the way they look, in everything they do.

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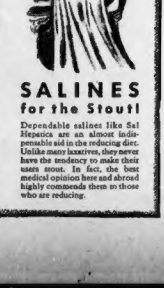
Begin with Sal Hepatica today.



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Sal Hepatica

Lava Love — by Inez Castello

(Continued from Page 14)

me that Carlos might not, after all, be dead," she explained.

Luiz laughed.

"A foolish fancy! Poor Carlos is dead. Why should you think otherwise?"

"I tell you, Luiz. The feeling within me is so strong as almost to be a certainty."

"Then I should forget it, querida mia. What you need to do is to think only of your loving Luiz, who wants you so badly and means to have you this very night."

"So?" Adora, in the darkness of a moonless night, realized the light of truth more than ever. "That is why you and Conchita persuaded me on board here?" she said. "Although you promised me you would not force yourself upon me, the vessel has scarcely started when you begin."

"And I shall continue to do so, my sweet pet, all the voyage to the mainland. Also, I will tell you something now. That queer feeling within you about Carlos—it is quite true. He lives. That sly old priest had hidden the truth from us. He had found out too much when he confessed the dying da Costa. So—in case Carlos—who is in love with you—wished to avenge himself on us—we removed ourselves and you to safety."

Safety! There was none, Adora realized, for her on this boat, unless Jaime could help her. And —what chance was there of that? Little indeed. Meantime Luiz thrust himself upon her with all the ardor of his unloosed passions, snatching her to him and carrying her, even though she struggled, back to her cabin, crushing her to him and devouring her face with his burning kisses.

"Don't think to escape me this time!" he said as he laid her on her berth and unloosed her. "This little cabin is your prison, your honeymoon prison which I shall share with you whenever I wish. Screaming will be of no use. The captain is in my pay, and the crew know better than to interfere.

"In here I am going to lock you, my glorious little beauty, till it is my pleasure to visit you and have my will of you," he added thickly as, with the key of the cabin door in his hand, he turned to go. "If you are wise, when I come back, you will be loving and submit to my desires. Your Luiz has waited long, and is impatient. He can hurt as well as be tender with adoration. You will be wise to remember that."

He seized her, all struggling and fighting, in his arms and pressed his mouth to her unresponsive lips, and then flung her from him, passing out of the door and turning the key on the other side before she could do more than reach the door and batter her little clenched fists vainly upon the panels.

CHAPTER XXX.

Love's Victory.

THROUGH the cabin porthole Adora could see the black mass of the still faintly-lit Pallarossa fading into the distance as the Castillan left the island. On the vess- for what seemed an interminable period, there was little of sound or movement. Occasionally a ragged member of the crew would flit past the porthole along the deck, and once the bulky figure of the captain lounged by.

This period of waiting was an appalling strain to Adora's nerves. No one brought her food, and she was famished, although in her present position food did not matter at all. The situation was too terrible for thought. Carlos, alive in Saranos and wanting her. She, on this vile old sea-tramp, needing him badly, and he knowing nothing of where she was, how she was at the mercy of Luiz.

Luiz, who would presently force himself upon her, like the coward he was. And afterwards . . . She could never belong to Carlos. That was the pity and the horror of it all. Between Adora and that fate there stood only Jaime, whose hope of helping her seemed small indeed! And, while she thought this sadly —when the ship had been long at sea and hours must have passed, the key turned in the lock outside her cabin door. Luiz appeared, his eyes glowing avariciously in the feeble electric light.

Closing the door he feasted his eyes on her, moving towards her.

"You are going to be wise, querida mia?" he said silkily. "You are by now willing that our honeymoon should be a happy one? You are not thinking of Carlos any more?"

"I must always think of him, Luiz," answered Adora. "I am in your hands! I know I can expect no mercy from you or your sister. But even now I do appeal to you. I love Carlos, and he loves me. Love is eternal. You can separate Carlos and me. You can ruin me. But—what good will that do to you?"

"What good? I love you. Love, you say, is eternal. Well, that is my love for you. It can never die. Why should my love ruin you?"

"Because it has taken me from Carlos—the man I love. Luiz—you know quite well that I am speaking the truth. If you are honest with yourself and me, you will be honorable. You will leave me in peace till we reach the mainland and then send me back to Carlos. You need not fear his vengeance. I shall tell him it was all a mistake, that you believed him dead, as I did, and that you were repentant of the past and were helping me."

"And you expect me to do that? Do you think I love Carlos so much? I hate him. Besides, Conchita, never will agree to him marrying you. No. You do not escape me, loveliest, by persuading me to be a saint. I am no saint, but a man desirous of a woman so beautiful that I care for nothing but to possess her. I can wait no longer——"

He snatched her to him, although she tried to keep him at a distance. But—that was as far as he went. For, as his lips were close to hers, he suddenly drew back, startled by the sound of a revolver shot, a second and then a third. He unloosed her in a sudden panic. She remembered how, in the first outbreak of Pallarossa when they were together in da Costa's house, he had behaved like a coward. She took heart at this moment, hearing the revolver shots followed by a roar of voices. She thrust him on one side and was out of the cabin and on the deck.

There was by now a pale moon, and she could see along the deck. She could see the captain with his hands held above his head, while others bound him. She could see a figure leaping along the deck towards her—the figure of Jaime, a gun in his hand, a gun with which he covered Don Luiz. At the same moment, aroused by the noise, Conchita appeared on the deck, and screamed.

Jaime seized her roughly by one shoulder and placed her beside her brother, still covering them both with his gun, while two of the crew bound their wrists and ankles. Jaime meantime explained the situation to Adora.

"The thing was easier than I expected, senorita," he said. "I found the crew more than ready to turn on the captain, because of his ill-temper and bad treatment of them. I told them about you, and about how Don Carlos was a rich man and would pay a big reward if you were rescued. Well, senorita, it took little time for them to make up their minds. The captain and his other officers are secure from doing any harm, and—"

He was interrupted by a shout from the bridge, and a man came running to say a ship was signalling them by wireless to stop. It was, the sailor said, a British cruiser. Jaime breathed a sigh of intense relief and turned to Adora.

"Don Carlos must have had us followed," he said. "Directly I saw you safe on board, senorita, I sent a message to Father Ignatius that you were on this ship. I felt somehow that something was wrong. Don Carlos must have asked that British war vessel to follow us."

That, as a matter of fact, proved quite correct. So soon as the Castilian's engines had been stopped and the British cruiser drew alongside, a little launch left the side of the last and made for the old sea-tramp. From the launch some people mounted the Castilian's side and came on deck. A spruce British naval officer and some British sailors, fully armed. Behind them, looking very pale, and leaning on a stick, came Carlos, moving very slowly, his eyes searching for Adora.

With a little cry she ran to him and he bowed over her hands.

"Then I was right, querida mia," he said, "and you were not here of your own free will?"

"Surely not, Carlos darling!" she exclaimed, blushing with a ravishing sense of unexpected happiness. "It was not—at least —until I had been persuaded on board by Conchita and Luiz that I learnt, through Jaime here, that you were alive. Thank heaven you came after me."

Here the British naval officer took a hand in the proceedings. He had to receive assurance that Adora was a British subject and had been forcibly abducted in order to make good his right to stop the vessel and search her.

"I see," he said, after a few words with Jaime and the board captain of the Castillan, "there has been something of a mutiny on board here. That, Don Carlos, is not our affair, this vessel flying a South American flag. I am only concerned with the lady here, and am ready to assist you to remove her."

Very soon Adora had been taken on board the cruiser, Jaime going with them, while Conchita and Luiz were left behind.

"As I shall be going back to Spain in the next few days," Don Carlos said to those two in low tones of contempt, "I shall probably never see you again. Perhaps that will be as well for you. Take a wise man's advice, the pair of you, and never let Carlos de Velasquinez set eyes on you again in this life."

Conchita and Luiz, when last seen by Adora, were standing on the deck, released from their bonds, gazing in miserable dejection at the little launch making its way back to the gray shape of the cruiser. What happened afterwards to the Castillan, Adora neither knew nor cared. Don Carlos, before leaving, had distributed a good sum of money quietly among the mutineers, to fulfill Jaime's promise to them.

For some time after the cruiser had turned back towards Saranos, the sea-tramp remained without movement, but presently Adora saw it was going on its way towards the mainland. It was her last glimpse of a nightmare past, her last sight of the vessel which took Conchita and Luiz out of her life for ever.

Back in Saranos, where she and Carlos landed next morning, they went to the home of Father Ignatius, anxiously awaiting them. And not till then did Adora really have a chance for much talk with her lover. Naturally, she had many questions to ask, especially as to why Father Ignatius had so tortured her, keeping from her the fact that Carlos really was alive.

"You see," Carlos answered for the old priest, who had gone to prepare the church for a wedding, "so long as I was known to be alive your life was not safe from those two. They were after my money and would stop at nothing if they could remove you so that they were never suspected. Well, Father Ignatius just arrived in time to prevent Conchita from stabbing you in the back, and he thought of that plan. After all, they had tried to deceive me into believing you dead, so it was only right to play the same trick on them.

"And," he added, "coming from Father Ignatius, they could hardly disbelieve it, though I had hopes you would somehow doubt it yourself, darling heart, just as I did when I heard you had been drowned."

"I know," sighed Adora, happy once again in his arms. "But in that you were stronger than I was, Carlos. I had, indeed, given you up as dead, though I should always have been yours. I could never have belonged to anyone else, as I told Conchita and Luiz before I went on that ship. And when I found out they had discovered that truth about you and had decoyed me away. However——"

"It's all over now, my precious beautiful" murmured Carlos, endearingly, kissing her willing lips tenderly. "All over, that is to say, excepting for the wedding, which will take place at once. And afterwards—as soon as a boat arrives—we will off to sunny Spain and enjoy at last the Velasquinez estates."

"But how can I possibly be married in these poor rags of mine, all that I have in the world to wear?" asked Adora, coloring delightedly, rising from his embrace and showing shyly the terribly ravaged poverty of her clothes.

But she might have remembered that Carlos was a man never to be caught quite unprepared. He laughed and led her into a room in the priest's house which she had been using only yesterday. Here were a riot of gorgeous frocks, including a white one with a bride's veil.

"I had these bought for you long ago, querida mia," he said, "in the days when we were playing our game of dog and cat fight. I had them kept here for the occasion when, so I had hoped, we should be married. They have been here ever since. And now I will tell you something else. During the days of my illness, Father Ignatius has arranged secretly for the partial rebuilding of my old home where you were left in my charge. It is there, after the wedding, that we are going for the first part of our honeymoon. You will like that?"

Like it? Adora was enamored of the plan. For to her that house in the interior was the beginning of love, the sweetest spot in all the world. For there she had known hate, learnt to love, fought with sorrow, and become wise. She leaned towards Carlos and drew his head down to hers, so that he might kiss her ardent lips.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Conclusion.

THE good people of Saranos were in no hurry for that wedding to be over. The news of its happening had spread, and when Carlos walked with Adora to the church it was packed with no room to be spared, leaving indeed scarcely enough for Carlos with his lovely bride to reach the altar.

And after the ceremony there were celebrations, for now Saranos was beginning to resume something of its usual life, the threat of Pallarossa had become forgotten and the inhabitants who had survived had recovered their gaiety. Presently, detained for a while by the celebrations, a car took Carlos and his bride out to his old home.

As he had said, and greatly to Adora's surprise, much had been done in a short time to make this habitable again. Her old room was in ruins, but the rest of the house had been so patched up as to be safe. It was a homecoming which filled her with joy as Carlos took her in his arms in the dusk, kissing her passionately and murmuring endearments.

"And here," he murmured in her ear, "you began by hating me. Here you swore that you would never—never be mine."

"But remember how cruel you were to me in those days," she colored, clinging to him but laying her soft white fingers over his lips to prevent him from kissing her while she teased and tormented him.

"Cruel?" he shook his head, laughing. "If so, it was only to be kind."

"Kind?" she laughed, too. "Dressing me up in boy's clothes and making me do all the work. Threatening me with a caning, too."

"Supposing I did the same now?" he demanded, kissing her fingers and drawing her to him.

She sighed, and leaned her golden head upon his chest, answering him in a low voice, throbbing with emotion.

"You wouldn't," she said. "But —if you did—I love you so much now that I wouldn't care. I belong to you. In those days I belonged only to myself. I did not know what love was."

"Love," Don Carlos said softly, kissing Adora, "is victory over self. It does not mean passion alone. It conquers even while it surrenders. And you, loveliest of white angels, you can mold me to your will although you submit yourself to me. Indeed, because you submit, the mastery is with you. Be sure that in all the years of our married life, my darlingest, I shall be very tender with you."

For a long while they sat in the moonlight, with silent Pallarossa behind them and the undisturbed sea in front of them. Till presently, looking towards the latter with a curious expression in his eyes, Carlos suddenly rose to his feet.

"It is time . . ."

He took Adora up in his arms as if she had been a feather and carried her indoors to their room.

In the morning she wakened from a deep and beautiful sleep to find that Carlos had already been. She laid her burning face on the depression made by his head on his pillow and lay so for a while in an ecstasy of delightful remembrance. Then he suddenly appeared, bringing her in the morning coffee, laying this on a table while he sat by her, kissing and fondling her.

"When you are dressed, beloved of mine," he said after a while, "join me on the veranda and you will find I have a surprise for you."

"Nothing will ever surprise me again, Carlos darling," she breathed, stroking his dark hair with her white fingers. "You have made me love you. I can think of nothing else."

"We shall see." He laughed tenderly and rose to his feet. "At any rate," he added, "I suppose you do not bear any ill-feeling against the woman and man who led you here?"

"Diana and Nicky?" she stared at him and smiled. "I do believe, if I ever saw them again, I should go down on my knees and thank them for doing it."

"In spite of all you have been through?"

"I have you in the end," she answered tenderly. "Nothing else matters."

"You glorious darling..."

At last he left her to drink her coffee and to dress. She was some little time over the last, trying to make herself look as sweet as possible in his eyes. And before she went out to join him she glanced out at the sea through an open window. She could just see the harbor, where still the gray cruiser lay at her moorings. But now, too, another vessel lay

(Continued on Page 22)

HE OUGHT TO TAKE HIS BATHTUB TO THE MOVIES

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he's a 12-Minute Man

THE MINUTE MAN is a national hero—but the *12*-minute man is a national nuisance. Take the case of this 12-minute man. Scarcely half an hour ago he stepped from his bath—tingling, fresh, sparkling. Yet now, he's guilty of perspiration odor!

He doesn't suspect it of course. Any more than you suspect that in only 12 minutes after a bath, your pores are again secreting odor-causing wastes.

■ 12 minutes—that's all. *12 minutes—that's as long as we can trust the protection of a bath.* What's to be done? We can't bathe every 12 minutes. But we can do what millions of wise and immaculate people already are doing. We can, after every bath, use Amolin—and keep safe!

Amolin is unlike messy liquids or sticky creams. It's a *powder* deodorant—soft, refreshing, miraculously effective. There's nothing to seal delicate pores, nothing to irritate the skin or raise hob with fabrics. You dust Amolin on—and it absorbs odors.

Play safe—follow every bath with Amolin. And, when time denies you the luxury of a bath, Amolin freshens you up marvelously!

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OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Face Powder is made especially to protect the skin from the harmful effects of the sun. Dust a small quantity of this airy-light powder on a dry, taut skin and notice how soothing it is. How it cools away any feeling of burn or smart—softens the texture—brings back its suppleness and smoothness . . . OUTDOOR GIRL gives your face a clean, comfortable feeling and it *clings* longer than any powder you have known!

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THIS IS THE AGE of popular science. If you study the pa's in this and other issues of The American Weekly you will be well informed in every field of science and in every specialty in every field.

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Kindly send me booklet (in plain envelope) giving full information about Koremlu Cream for the guaranteed removal of superfluous hair.

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Tested Economical Recipes

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Meat Sandwiches.

PASS roast beef or pork through food hopper. Pass crisp white cabbag and tender carrots through chopper. Mix with the meat in any mired proportion. Season to ste with mayonnaise, salt, celery st, pepper and onion juice and spread between slices of graham read.

Vegetable Salad.

PRESS 1 cup, each, cooke diced carrots, diced turnips, shredded string beans, green peas and ½ cup diced or sliced cooked beets with well-seasoned French dressing. Add 2 tablespoons chopped gherkins. Drain and mix with well-seasoned mayonnaise. Garnish with rounds of potato and beet and light green aspic jelly cut in small cubes, or diced cucumbers. Use left-over veal or chicken stock for the aspic and color with a little green vegetable color paste.

Potato Salad.

SLICE cold boiled potatoes. Sprinkle with a little onion juice and French dressing. Let stand several hours. Drain and arrange on crisp lettuce leaves. Add sifted hard cooked eggs to add nutritive value to the salad. Put a little mayonnaise on each serving and garnish with sliced tomatoes and cucumbers.

Potato Stuffing.
(For Extending Flavor of Chicken or Meat.)

MIX 2 cups hot mashed potato, 2 cups cracker or fine bread crumbs, ½ cup melted butter or substitute, ½ cup sausage fat, salt and pepper to taste, a suggestion of powdered sage and the finely chopped cooked giblets. Moisten with hot water or stock and use as any stuffing.

Vinaigrette Sauce.

MIX 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon paprika, a few grains pper, 1 tablespoon tarragon vinar, 2 tablespoons apple vinegar, 3 tablespoons salad oil, 1 tablespon, each, finely chopped green pper and cucumber pickle and, if dired, 1 teaspoon finely chopped sley.

Casserole of Vegetables With Tat Broth.

WASH, pared thinly slice 6 or 8 pota. Wash and pare 1 small turnor slice 1 stalk of celery, and slice 1 onion. Pick over wash ¾ cup rice. Strain 1 cuick tomato pulp and have reak cup of cooked green peas. range in alternate layers in a bied baking dish, seasoning wi teaspoon salt, a few grains per, and ½ teaspoon ground spice. Pour 1 quart brown stoc over the vegetables. Cover an bake in a slow oven about hours.

Smothered Southern Cabbage.

PASS 1 hard crisp head of white cabbage through food chopper. Melt ¼ cup butter but do not allow butter to brown. Add 2 tablespoons flour and blend well. Add 1 cup milk and stir constantly until smooth and creamy. Bring to boiling point and add 5 cups of the cabbage. Add about 2 teaspoons salt and a few grains pepper. Mix well, cover and cook gently about an hour.

Lemon Rice Pudding.
(For Children.)

PICK over and wash ½ cup rice. Put in top of double boiler and add 3 cups milk, cover and cook until rice is soft. Add ½ cup sugar, the grated zest of ½ lemon and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Beat 2 egg yolks slightly with a scant teaspoon salt and add to the milk and rice, stirring constantly to prevent lumping. Turn into a buttered baking dish and cool slightly. Beat 2 egg whites until stiff, adding 4 tablespoons sifted powdered sugar gradually and ¼ teaspoon lemon extract. Spread on pudding and brown in a moderate oven.

Strawberry Sauce.
(For Shortcake).

PICK over and wash strawberries. Press through sieve or fruit press. To 2 cups of the pulp add 1 cup of sugar, set on back of stove for an hour or longer. Just before serving add 1 teaspoon melted butter. Beat well and serve.

Prune Pudding.
(For Children.)

PICK over and wash ¾ pound prunes. Soak overnight or several hours in cold water to cover. Cook in the same water until soft, when water should be nearly evaporated. Cut prunes in small pieces and sprinkle with ¼ cup sugar. Beat 4 egg whites until stiff and gradually add the prunes. Pour into a buttered and sugared baking dish and bake in a moderate oven about 25 minutes. Serve immediately with cream and sugar or chill and serve with boiled custard or sweetened whipped cream.

Sweet Pickled Carrots.

SWEET pickled carrots may be used as a very acceptable substitute for more expensive relishes and at times the tender young carrots can be bought at very little cost. Have ready 2 quarts of the tender young carrots. Trim carefully. To 1 pint vinegar add 1 cup sugar and a spice bag containing 1 ounce of mixed spices. Bring to boiling point, add the carrots and cook until carrots are soft but not mushy. Seal in sterilized jars.

Sour Cream Ice Cream.

THIS is a pleasant way of using any sour cream that you have on hand. To a scant pint of strained apricot pulp or finely chopped sweetened pineapple add 1½ cups sugar and let stand several hours. Add 1 quart thick sour cream and freeze as usual.

Egg Salad.

PRESS 4 hard-cooked eggs through potato ricer. Blend with well seasoned mayonnaise or Russian dressing. Add more salt if needed. Press lightly into egg if shapes. Serve on crisp lettuce leaves with French or mayonnaise dressing.

Blueberry or Blackberry Mold.

PICK over, wash, strain and sweeten 3 cups of berries. Bring to boiling point, add ½ cup cornstarch mixed with 1 cup cold water and stir constantly until smooth and creamy. Cook over hot water about ½ hour. Add a few drops of lemon juice, if desired. Pour into individual wet molds and let stand until cold. Serve with plain or whipped and sweetened cream.

Berry Pies.

LINE a pie plate with your favorite pastry, sprinkling with 1 tablespoon fine cracker crumbs. Dot with 1 tablespoon butter and spread on ½ cup sugar. Fill with carefully washed and drained berries (about 3 cups). Sprinkle with ½ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon fine cracker crumbs, dot with 1 tablespoon butter and flavor with a few drops lemon juice or a suggestion of any desired spices. Cover with pastry, prick so that steam may escape, and bake in a moderately hot oven or at about 375 degrees, reducing heat to about 350 degrees after the pastry is set.

Corns
Stop Hurting Instantly
then Lift Right Off!

Drop FREEZONE on that aching corn. Instantly it stops hurting; then shortly you lift the corn right off with your fingers. You'll laugh, really! It is so easy and doesn't hurt one bit! Works like a charm, every time.

A tiny bottle of FREEZONE costs only a few cents at any drug store, and is sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, and callusea. Try it!

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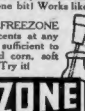
ALL DRUGGISTS

Tint away the
STREAKS
of
GRAY
[Test Bottle FREE]



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Simply apply to single lock snipped from hair. See results this way. Color comes: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Hair stays soft and lustrous.

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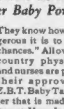

Z·B·T· BABY TALCUM
FINE FOR BABY'S BODY . . . FINE FOR EVERYBODY!

Lava Love — by Inez Castello

(Continued from Page 21)

there, one at which she stared amazed recognition.

Then she turned and ran ou to find Carlos, calling to hi from afar when she heard hi voice in the distance:

"Carlos, darling... I do believe the *Sea-Spray* is lying in the har bor!"

Then, joining Carlos, she knew she had been right. He had heard her and turned to greet her as he came out into the open. Near to him, staring at her, were Diana and Nicky, both looking awkward and doubtful as to their reception at her hands.

"They heard about Pallarossa's outbreak, darling," Carlos explained, "and they were so conscience-stricken about you that they hurried the yacht back here.

"And—can you really forgive us, as Carlos says you have done?" questioned Diana, doubtfully, while Nicky looked awkward and abashed.

"I can, and do," said Adora, while Carlos added:

"On one condition, that you kindly take us back to Europe in that nice yacht of yours, Armstrong, without attempting to flirt with my wife."

"You are a sport, Don Carlos," murmured Nicky on a note of enthusiasm as he wrung the other's hand. "I am afraid Di and I behaved very badly to Adora and you. We went into a blue funk when we heard about the old volcano. Any mortal thing we can do to make up for the past—"

"Forget it, my friends," laughed Carlos. "Everything is wonderful in this best of all worlds. Even Pallarossa is asleep again. Only take my wife and me to Spain in your yacht, and we do not care if Pallarossa is asleep or not."

And so presently they all went down to Saranoa to go on board the Sea-Spray. Jaime went with them as the body servant of Carlos, and Father Ignatius saw them off at the quay on their way to the big estates of Carlos in Spain.

From the deck of the yacht, as she moved seawards, Adora looked her last on Pallarossa, on whose quiet crest lay ridges of cold lava. Lava, which is dangerous both in humans and mountains. Lava, the safety-valve of pent emotions. Adora had witnessed it, both in humans and bubbling from Pallarossa. And she had to remember this. But for Pallarossa and its lava, love might never have been hers. Love and Carlos. Those two were one.

THE END.

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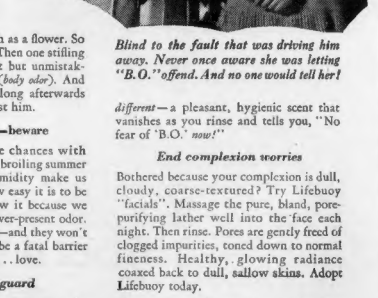
BEGINNING NEXT SUNDAY

Pandora Lifts the Lid
By Jenefer Ames

The Story of an Ultramodern Girl Who Thought She Could Defy the Conventions

Her Fatal Blunder



She loved him and lost him—yet didn't know why. Too late she learned summer heat had made her more guilty than ever of an unforgivable fault

DAINTY, exquisite, fresh as a flower. So she seemed—*at first!* Then one stifling hot day he noticed—faint but unmistakable—a hint of "B.O." (*body odor*). And romance fled. Not until long afterwards did she realize *why* she lost him.

***"B. O." weather*—beware**

What folly it is to take chances with "B.O."—especially these broiling summer days when heat and humidity make us perspire more freely! How easy it is to be guilty now and not know it because we have become used to an ever-present odor. Yet *others* notice instantly—and they won't overlook it. "B.O." can be a fatal barrier to popularity . . . success . . . love.

A simple safeguard

Play safe. Adopt the pleasant safeguard millions of particular men and women use. Wash and bathe with Lifebuoy—the cooling, refreshing toilet soap that gives *extra* protection. *More* lather—creamy, searching, purifying. Lather that penetrates and *deodorizes* pores—ends all danger of offending. Lifebuoy's very smell is *different*—a pleasant, hygienic scent that vanishes as you rinse and tells you, "No fear of 'B.O.' *now!*"

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Bothered because your complexion is dull, cloudy, coarse-textured? Try Lifebuoy "facials". Massage the pure, bland, pore-purifying lather well into the face each night. Then rinse. Pores are gently freed of clogged impurities, toned down to normal fineness. Healthy, glowing radiance coaxed back to dull, sallow skins. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

A product of Lever Brothers Co., *Cambridge, Mass.*

Blind to the fault that was driving him away. Never once aware she was letting "B.O." offend. And no one would tell her!

Lifebuoy
HEALTH SOAP
stops body odor

Fear Of Fear — By Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements

(Continued from Page 20)

"How about the glass itself?" Jimmy was investigating as he spoke. "No; the same thing applies there. The gilt has run down onto the glass as well."

The Chief was testing the hardened paint with his knife. "The drops are old," he said. "That mirror must have been there for a long time because the stuff's badly oxidized."

"It's been up about six years," McCarthy told us. "The Colonel said his brother got the mirror when they wrecked an old house downtown. It was brought around the Horn in a sailing ship."

Jimmy was looking at the glass with interest. "It's rather a fine specimen," he said. "They don't make them like that any more, with those heavy candelabra built into the frame. That's another reason why you can be sure it's solid, Captain. Those brackets are wired and to move it the wires would have to be pulled out."

"Yes," the Chief sighed, "I guess we'll have to give up any idea of an entrance being made through the wall." He spoke briefly to his men, and they began moving the bookcases back against the plaster while Jimmy glanced about the room.

"A trap-door is out of the question," he said, "because the carpet is tacked down solidly all the way around."

"Yes, and the side walls are plain plaster, while that window at the end is built in, with no opening of any sort."

"How about the roof?"

"Nothing there. We've had a man look it over."

"How'd he reach it?"

"From a window in the house next door. But even from the roof it's impossible to get in here. A cat couldn't get through those ventilators."

Jimmy had sunk down lazily on a divan. "I don't know what all the snorting's about. The question isn't how somebody got into the room. It's how he managed to lock the door behind him after he left."

"That's just the point," said the Chief despairingly. "That door's not the sort you can play tricks with. Grant didn't depend upon an ordinary lock and key but upon a bolt."

Jimmy rose from the couch and moved across the room. For a moment he regarded the bolt thoughtfully. "It's the sliding type," he observed, "and the door fits tight, without a crack. I don't believe even Philo Vance could figure out a way of locking it from the outside."

"No," agreed the Chief, "not even a burglar with a complete set of tools could handle it, but we've discovered one odd thing . . . look here." He reached up on the outside and touched one of the carved panels. It slid to the left, disclosing a small pane of glass three or four inches square.

"A peep hole!" Jimmy exclaimed.

"Yes; that Hindu servant insists that 'the master' had it put in so that he wouldn't be disturbed when he was concentrating. Personally I believe it was used for those seances of Grant's."

"Probably." Jimmy was examining the thing carefully. "But I don't see how it can have had anything to do with the bolting of the door. You can see the glass has been built into the woodwork so there's no way of opening it."

"I've already figured that out." The Chief slipped the wooden panel back into place and joined us on the inside of the door.

"The whole thing is beyond me," he confessed. "If it weren't, I'd have put Stoddard under lock and key long since."

"Then you owe a debt of gratitude to that door," Jimmy said. "I tell you frankly, Captain, if you throw Stoddard into the housegow, you'll live to regret it."

"Hang it all," the Chief exploded, "you talk as if I wanted to prove him guilty! Matter of fact, I like the chap as well as you do. I'd be glad to discover anyone else who could have polished Grant off."

"If that's all that's worrying you," said Jimmy calmly, "I can make you a present of several."

"Such as?"

"Well, to begin with, such as the Lady Elfrieda."

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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Now Whiten Skin 3 to 5 Shades Overnight

New Way Removes Flaws Quickly

Instead of trying to cover up unsightly blackheads, freckles, weather stains and heart-breaking wrinkles—try this way that smooths the skin and whitens it—makes it three to five shades whiter overnight. It's the safest, surest way known, as any beauty authority will tell you, to make the skin lovely, pink and white and to keep it that way indefinitely.

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Powdered Saxolite
Reduces wrinkles and other age signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily as an astringent.

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A Tall Cold Glass for a Hot Day

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

"SOMETHING cold to drink," is the universal demand of family and friends alike, when the mercury mounts in mid-Summer. And the first duty of the hostess lies in offering a refreshing beverage, one which refreshes not only the palate by its taste but equally refreshes the eye by its gratifying color and charm of arrangement.

Today the scope of the Summer beverage has been greatly widened through the infinite possibilities of the automatic refrigerator. Not only may bottled beverages be chilled as usual, but they may assume solid form in delightful tinkling cubes of flavored ice. Many hostesses are just beginning to grasp this new hospitality aid which permits having a beverage of one flavor and cube ice of a contrasting taste, color and even garnish.

To color plain water, use a few drops of vegetable coloring until a delicate shade is secured. Stir the water well, then pour into the trays. Lime green, ruby and yellow afford one pleasing contrasts with other beverages, using for example, green cubes in a gingerale beverage, ruby cubes in lemonade, or yellow cubes in a punch made with raspberry, strawberry, etc.

To make garnished ice-cubes, partially fill the trays with colored water or flavored beverage and allow this layer to freeze. Then add the garnish to each tray, cover with another thin layer of liquid, and freeze. Last, fill tray to top with liquid and finish freezing.

The garnish may be in a tiny sprig of mint, particularly delicious in lemon or limeade or gingerale, a whole or half maraschino or large white cherry; a bit of fruit peel cut in three or four colored candy decorettes to each cube; or one or more brilliant red candy peppermint drops.

Fruit juice or bottled beverage of any flavor may be frozen into solid cube form in the trays; the great advantage being that when they melt, unlike ice, they give flavor instead of diluting the beverage. Try using grapejuice, diluted to half its strength and frozen, served to color and chill plain lemonade. Try making cubes of cocoa, to be used in other milk or egg-nog drinks.

Try a strong tea infusion with cherry garnish to be used with a wide variety of chill Summer beverages.

In recent seasons there has been great improvement in the quality and wide distribution of many bottled and carbonated beverages such as strawberry, raspberry, sarsaparilla or rootbeer, etc. These are now much stepped up from their erstwhile "pop-bottle" days, may be bought in larger size bottles for more convenient household use, and should be kept on the hostess' reserve guest or emergency shelf, in addition to the familiar gingerale, grapejuice, etc.

One flavor which the writer thinks unexcelled for the Summer beverage is loganberry—too little known and appreciated perhaps by the mixer of punches. The loganberry, that distinctive native variety of the trailing blackberry, which in shape resembles a blackberry, in color a red raspberry, and in flavor more sprightly and acid than either, seems to yield the acme of color and tang to whatever drink it is added. Canned loganberries and bottled loganberry juices are both to be found on grocery shelves.

Grapefruit, orange and lemon, these three citrus fruits need no additional word of praise, since they are the foundation of all true-fruit, and hence "natural" drinks whose wholesome fruit salts and acids give perhaps most refreshment of all. Grapefruit beverages should be served more generally, either the fresh juice or quality canned bottled juice, making for quick and easy use. Grapefruit juice and pineapple, grapefruit juice and cider, these are unusual but delicious.

At least four out of five Summer menus dictate "and a Summer beverage," which in this case generally stands for iced tea, iced coffee or iced chocolate. And while every hostess thinks they are easy to make, like other simple things, they require skill and real art to make them to perfection. Perhaps here are a few suggestions, new at least to the new Summer hostess.

To make:

Good Iced Coffee: Allow 1½ heaping tablespoons of medium ground coffee to each cup of boiling water. Pour freshly made coffee over cracked ice or cubes. Coffee must be extra strong to allow for diluting ice. Never use cold, left-over coffee. Powdered coffee is most convenient for this use.

Good Iced Tea: Allow 1 heaping teaspoon to each 2 cups of boiling water; stand 3 minutes, pour over 1 tablespoon sugar and 1 thin slice lemon to each glass; fill with cracked ice or cubes. Never use stale tea or stand pitcher of cold tea in refrigerator.

Good Sugar Syrup: Keep on hand a supply of plain sugar syrup made as follows: Use 1 cup sugar to every ½ cup water. Boil sugar and water together 5 minutes. Cool. Store in covered jars in refrigerator. Use large tablespoon of syrup (or to taste) to each glass of beverage.

Good Chocolate Syrup: ½ cup cocoa, 1½ cups sugar, dash salt, ¾ cup cold water, 2 teaspoons vanilla. Mix cocoa, sugar, salt and water. Place over low flame and stir constantly until sugar is dissolved and mixture boils. Boil 3 minutes and add vanilla. Pour at once into air-tight jar and seal. When cold, place in refrigerator.

Canned evaporated milk and malted milk both have a large place in the economy of the Summer drink. The all-milk shake, especially with the addition of eggs, a serving of ice cream or a couple of spoons of malted milk, is a wholesome meal beverage—nourishing, digestible and popular. Try an all-milk drink for the luncheon on any hot noontime, let the children have it instead of solid dishes. Keep fit and get out of the kitchen by serving whole-meal drinks as often as possible. Add a sandwich, a cracker, some cookies, and it will total as many calories as you need, with no tax on digestion.

Here are a few tasty beverage recipes:

Arctic Ice Frappe: Fill a tall glass ⅔ full of ice—garnish with strawberries or cherries and fill the glass with lemonade.

Mint Lemonade: Combine juice of ten lemons, two bunches crushed mint leaves, two cups sugar and 1 cup water. Place in a saucepan and bring to a boil, cover and allow to cool. Strain. Add six pints golden gingerale. Garnish with fresh mint.

Raspberry Glow: Fill a tall glass ⅔ full of ice cubes made of raspberryade. Pour over grapefruit juice which has been thoroughly chilled.

Loganberry Highball: Fill a tall glass ¼ full of loganberry juice. Add 1 tablespoon lemon juice and ice. Fill glass with dry gingerale.

Carolina Nectar: Fill a tall glass with ice cubes made of lemonade—add a sprig of mint in the side of the glass and a few cherries. Fill glass with dry gingerale and garnish with a slice of lemon.

Fruit Fizz: Combine juice of 4 oranges and 2 lemons. Add ¼ cup canned, unsweetened pineapple juice and ½ cup maraschino cherries and juice. Just before serving add 4 pint bottles sparkling white grapejuice.

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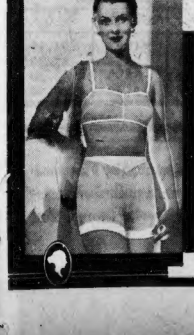

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Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Sliced Bananas with Orange Juice.	Fimean Haddie Balls.	Prunes. Puffy Omelet.	Fruit. Scrambled Eggs.	Currants. Oatmeal.	Hashed Codfish on Toast.	Fruit. Cereal.
Cubes Omelet.	Bacon.	Creamed Potatoes.	Green Corn Griddle Cakes.	French Toast. Apple Marmalade.	Broiled Tomatoes.	Buttered Graham Toast.
Delicate Corn Muffins.	Radishes. Reheated Rolls.	Reheated Rolls. Coffee.	Sliced Tomatoes.	Coffee.	Coffee.	Coffees.
Coffee.	Coffee.	*Luncheon*	Coffee.	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	Breaded Calf's Liver (Fried in Deep Fat).	*Luncheon*	Eggs a la King or Baked Macaroni.	Creole Tripe.	Old-Fashioned Chicken Fricassee.
Corn Fritters.	Green Pea Patties.	Spaghetti. Pickles.	Lobster Salad.	Hot Baking Powder Biscuits (Graham Flour).	Baked Potatoes.	Sweet Pickles.
Cabbage and Green Pepper Salad.	Sliced Tomatoes and Leaks. French Dressing.	Vegetable Salad. Russian French Dressing.	Parker House Rolls. Grapefruit and Creme de Menthe Cup.	Watermelon Salad.	Chocolate Rice Pudding.	Romaine. Cress and Chives Salad. French Dressing.
Ice Box Rolls.	Banana and Rhubarb Trifle.	Honey Cookies.	Half Cups Coffee.	Iced Tea or Punch.	Iced Tea.	Italian Pineapple Sherbet.
Fruit Punch.	Ice Tea.	Iced Tea.	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	Cup Cakes.
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	Roast Loin of Veal.	Baked Fresh Codfish.	Emergency Croquettes (Left-Overs).	Confectioners' Frosting.
Breaded Veal Cutlets.	Frozen Tomato Cocktail.	Roast Beef.	Bread Stuffing.	Potatoes.	Buttered String Beans.	*Supper*
Savory Sauce.	Cannelon of Beef.	Brown Sauce.	Mashed Potatoes.	Green Peas.	Stewed Corn.	Tomato Sandwiches.
Buttered Noodles.	Baked Potatoes.	Glazed Carrots.	Favorite Salad.	Tomato Salad.	Pineapple Salad.	Caramel Cakes (Cup Cakes with Caramel Frosting).
Buttered String Beans.	Glazed Carrots.	Baked Peach Pudding.	Pineapple Mint Sherbet.	French Dressing.	French Dressing.	
Dutch Apple Cake.	Coffee.		Delicate Cake.	Cornstarch Pudding with Raspberry Sauce.	Dessing.	Ice Fruit Punch or Gingerale.
					Coffee Frappe.	

American Weekly Patterns

A PLEASING DRESS FOR HOUSE OR PORCH (7240). Designed in 8 sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52 inches bust measure. Size 44 if made with long sleeves will require 4¼ yards of 35-inch material. With short sleeves, 3⅞ yards will be required. The vestee of contrasting material will require a piece 18x10 inches.

A YOUTHFUL FROCK (6858). Designed in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. To make the dress for a 16-year size will require 3½ yards of 35-inch material.

A CHARMING AFTERNOON DRESS (7227). Designed in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size as shown in the large view will require 5 yards of printed material and 1½ yards of plain material 35 inches wide. To make with long sleeves as in the small back view will require 6¼ yards.

A PRETTY MODEL FOR THE GROWING GIRL (7243). Designed in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 will require 2⅞ yards of 35-inch material if made with sleeves. Without sleeves, 2 yards will be required.

A DAINTY PARTY FROCK FOR A TINY GIRL (7248). Designed in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 4-year size will require 1⅞ yards of 29-inch material if made with the collar. Without the collar, 1½ yards will be required. To trim with lace edging on the scalloped outline will require 6 yards.

CHILD'S ROMPERS (6763). Designed in 4 sizes: 6 months, 1, 2 and 3 years. A 2-year size requires 1¾ yards of material 32 inches wide. To finish with bias binding requires 2¾ yards 1¾ inches wide.

GIRL'S DRESS (7244). Designed in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6-year size requires 1⅝ yards of 39-inch material.

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7244.....Years	6763.....Years
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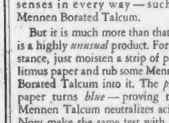

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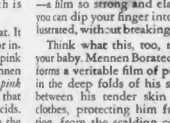

The Mennen Film which protects the baby's skin from friction and other irritants

SOFT as a caress—refreshing as a breath of air—delicious to the senses in every way—such is Mennen Borated Talcum.

But it is much more than that. It is a highly *unusual* product. For instance, just moisten a strip of pink litmus paper and rub some Mennen Borated Talcum into it. The *pink* paper turns *blue*—proving that Mennen Talcum neutralizes acids. Now make the same test with the talcum you have been using.

How important this Mennen characteristic is! In your baby's perspiration and urine, acids are present. Naturally they irritate his skin, unaccustomed as it is to any irritants. No wonder, then, that this talcum which neutralizes acids keeps your baby more comfortable.

Then make this additional experiment. Sprinkle a little Mennen Borated Talcum into a glass of water and notice the film which it forms—a film so strong and elastic that you can dip your finger into it, as illustrated, without breaking the film.

Think what this, too, means to your baby. Mennen Borated Talcum forms a veritable film of protection in the deep folds of his skin, and between his tender skin and his clothes, protecting him from friction, from the scalding contact of urine and from other irritants.

And for the Wee Infant
MENNEN BABY OIL

FREE Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.
Gentlemen: Send me free Mennen Baby Packet, including generous samples of Mennen Borated Talcum and Mennen Baby Oil; also litmus paper, so that I can make above tests.

4-7-19

The Soap in Sunset Cleans and Softens the Fabrics . . . and *this* **makes possible FULL, DEEP dye-penetration**

"IT'S THRIFTY AND WHAT-TO-USE SUNSET SOAP DYES"

EVERY woman who uses Sunset Dyes knows what beautiful color results she achieves. Dresses, coats, drapes, curtains, all dyed in such even, clear color that the fabrics look like new.

SUNSET SOAP DYES
For Fast Dyeing

It's not luck—Sunset does it regularly every time. The soap in this wonderful fast dye is important. Not only does it help clean the goods, it softens and opens up the fibre so that the hot dye seeps into every last little portion.

This is why Sunset gives such surprisingly beautiful color results so easily. You will only believe it possible to produce them at home when you use Sunset yourself. There are many colors, each 15 cents. Ask your dealer to show you the Sunset Color Card.

For lingerie and fabrics not requiring fast dye, the same skillful chemist who invented Sunset, perfected a new and better tint—Dytint. It is guaranteed to be equal or superior to any tint. It costs less to make a tint so we sell Dytint in a BIG PACKAGE for 10 cents everywhere.

Use Sunset for fast dyeing; Dytint for tinting; Dytint Color Remover, 10c, for removing old color before re-dyeing. If your dealer does not carry all these products write us for information as to how to obtain them.

North American Dye Corporation
Dept. A W, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

CAR OWNERS *bought more*

Firestone Tires

During April, May and June than in any like period in History

THERE are reasons for this—Firestone is building the Greatest Tire Values in history, with the result that Firestone factories are operating 24 hours a day, 6 days a week, to meet public preference.

This is the year everybody is scrutinizing his purchases. This is particularly true in tire buying because of the many confusing and misleading statements made about tires. To give car owners the facts, Firestone published comparisons showing Quality, Construction and Prices.

Then the public came into Firestone Service Dealers and Service Stores—made their own comparisons with cross-sections cut from Firestone tires—and from special brand mail order tires and others, and when they saw the facts they bought more Firestone tires during April, May and June than in any other like period in Firestone history.

Let the Firestone Service Dealer show you these Firestone Extra Values and have your car equipped for Safe, Trouble-Free Summer Motoring—Drive in today—There is a Firestone Dealer in your community—He will save you money and serve you better.

COMPARE PRICES

Firestone
OLDFIELD TYPE

MAKE OF CAR	TIRE SIZE	Our Dealers' Cash Price Each	☆Special Brand Mail Order Tire	Our Dealers' Cash Price Per Pair
Ford, Chevrolet	4.40-21	$4.98	$4.98	$9.60
Chevrolet	4.50-20	5.60	5.60	10.90
Ford	4.50-21	5.69	5.69	11.10
Ford, Chevrolet, Whippet	4.75-19	6.65	6.65	12.90
Erskine, Plymouth	4.75-20	6.75	6.75	13.10
Chandler, DeSoto, Dodge, Durant, Graham-Paige, Pontiac, Roosevelt, Willys-Knight	5.00-19	6.98	6.98	13.60
Essex, Nash	5.00-20	7.10	7.10	13.80
Marquette, Oldsmobile	5.25-18	7.90	7.90	15.30
Buick	5.25-21	8.57	8.57	16.70
Auburn, Jordan, Reo	5.50-18	8.75	8.75	17.00
Gardner, Marmon, Oakland, Peerless, Studebaker	5.50-19	$8.90	88.90	$17.30
Chrysler, Viking, Franklin, Hudson, Hupmobile	6.00-18	11.20	11.20	21.70
	6.00-19	11.40	11.40	22.10
LaSalle, Packard, Pierce-Arrow, Stutz	6.00-20	11.50	11.50	22.30
	6.00-21	11.65	11.65	22.60
	6.50-20	13.10	13.10	25.40
Cadillac, Lincoln	7.00-20	15.35	15.35	29.80

HEAVY DUTY TRUCK TIRES

SIZE	Our Dealers' Cash Price Each	☆Special Brand Mail Order Tire	Our Dealers' Cash Price Per Pair
30x5 H.D.	$17.95	$17.95	$34.90
32x6 H.D.	29.75	29.75	57.90
36x6 H.D.	32.95	32.95	63.70
6.00-20 H.D.	15.35	15.35	29.80

Compare Construction *and* Quality

Firestone Gives You	4.50-21 Tire: Firestone Oldfield Type	4.50-21 Tire: ☆A Special Brand Mail Order Tire	6.00-19 H. D. Tire: Firestone Oldfield Type	6.00-19 H. D. Tire: ☆A Special Brand Mail Order Tire
More Rubber Vol., cu. in.	172	161	298	267
More Weight, pounds	16.99	15.73	28.35	26.80
More Width, inches	4.75	4.74	5.98	5.84
More Thickness, inches	.627	.578	.840	.821
More Plies at Tread	6	5	8	7
Same Price	$5.69	$5.69	$11.40	$11.40

☆A "Special Brand" Tire is made by a manufacturer for distributors such as mail order houses, oil companies and others under a name that does not identify the tire manufacturer to the public, usually because he builds his "best quality" tires under his own name. Firestone puts his name on every tire he makes.

Double Guarantee—Every tire manufactured by Firestone bears the name "FIRESTONE" and carries Firestone's unlimited guarantee and that of our 25,000 Service Dealers and Service Stores. You are doubly protected.